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# The Sunday Observer

VOL. I — MADRAS, SUNDAY, MAY 21, 1933 — NO. 14.

## SPARKS FROM SACRED FIRE

### FIRST-HAND INFORMATION OF HISTORIC FAST

### INTERVIEW WITH SJ. MAHADEV DESAI

"I wonder if I may look to you for some firsthand information on the event from Yervada that has once again stirred millions?" was the question a "Harijan" interviewer asked Sj. Mahadev Desai.

"I am in a difficult position", said he. "Perhaps you realise that I am a 'twice' prisoner, as Bacon would say. I am under prison discipline, but am more under Gandhiji's discipline."

Q.—But, perhaps, we may expect you to give us authentic information about the fast and the atmosphere about Gandhiji, if only to save Gandhiji the worry of replying to us, interviewers.

A.—I shall readily comply—but what I give you must pass Gandhiji's censorship. You want to know my reaction to the event. I shall try to do so as best I can, if I can be sure of pulling myself together. When at four o'clock on the 30th we woke up for our prayers, we knew nothing. I had retired at about midnight. Perhaps Gandhiji had seen me burning the mid-night oil and so he asked me when I had slept. I knew I was going to come in for a good bit of scolding, but there was none. With almost prophetic coincidence, if I may say so, I selected for that morning's prayer Srimati Raihana Tyebji's favourite hymn "Uth jag musafar bhor bhai, ab ren kahan jo sovat hai"—the hymn with which the September fast was begun. The prayers finished, the scolding came in the shape of peremptory orders to sleep for half an hour as usual and not to sit talking. I obeyed, but as soon as I had done so, Gandhiji quietly handed to Sardar Vallabhbhai the fateful decision with just these words: "There is no room for argument, Vallabhbhai. I hope you will not argue. You will see from the statement why I say so." The Sardar read the statement once, twice; was stunned and perhaps showed better than ever before in his life that he is a greater soldier than a Sardar. I may say that he has been under strict vow of prayerful silence since that memorable morning and expects others to do likewise. "Where is the use of trying to stem the Niagra? Show me a purer man than he. If there is one, let him strive with him. Not I," said he to me a short while after "Let us for one month now do nothing speak nothing, if possible think nothing, to ruffle his soul's marmoreal calmness." His icy silence has been a surprise to Gandhiji. The next day he tried to see if a little coaxing would make him thaw. But no.

Q.—I am so thankful for this vivid picture of the Sardar. And would you mind telling me what you feel?

A.—I wish I could do so. I have had the privilege of being his attendant during practically all his fast in India, and if I found him like the Vindhya Mountain during the fast for the labourers of Ahmedabad in 1918, I now find him like the Himalayas, for the simple reason that every moment of his life is growth and evolution. I am ashamed to have to confess that the 15 years' interval finds me practically where I was, still incapable of growth and reform, still ready to crucify the truth in me, and hence this fast. I startle you. You will find in the very next issue of 'Harijan" a confession, which, if we had the courage of truth, many of us who have taken Gandhiji's name in vain may well endorse. The fast is occasioned, not by a confession which is made, but by confessions which are yet in the making, if I may say so.

Q.—Pardon me, but you seem to be reconciled to the fast. I thought Devadas Gandhi, you and the Sardar strove with him to make him abandon the decision?

A.—About the Sardar I have spoken to you already. Devadas you had better see yourself. He is "a chip of the old block" and I may assure you that even his father is proud of the independence with which the son put him through a ruthless fire of cross examination. As for myself, I have not striven with him. For one thing, it is my deepest conviction that, if what Matthew Arnold said of Shakespeare could be true of any one else, it is true of Gandhiji:

> Others abide our question.
> Thou art free.
> We ask and ask, thou smilst
> Still out-topping knowledge.

Whenever, therefore, I ask, I do so only to understand him better. Not that I do always succeed, but I never lose hope. My personal re-action I have already described, and though I fear that, if the fast terminates in a manner different to our expectations, I should be mentally paralysed I know, too, that he knows himself better than we know him, that he knows how best he can serve the cause which is dearer to him than life itself and that every breath of his life is a conscious surrender to God.

Q.—You are, therefore, not afraid?

A.—My fear does not count. His wish counts, simply because it is synonymous with His will.

Q.—Do you really think he means what he says, when he says in his statement that he wants to live for the cause? Isn't this a gesture of desperation, if not suicide? Did he not know when he took the decision that he would hardly survive the fast?

A.—Pardon me, no. As he said to the Press, "older and weaker men than myself have taken longer fasts and survived them. Spiritual sustenance has great, if not infinite, possibilities in prolonging the existence of the body. The doctors say it would be a miracle if he survived. Well, the age of miracles is not over. Don't run away with the idea that he arrogates to himself for a moment the role of a miracle-worker. God is a perpetual miracle-worker, and to him who always walks with God, life—and even death—is a perpetual miracle. You talk of desperation. The word is not to be found in his dictionary. You do not know how very much he was annoyed when at the time of the Hindu-Muslim fast of 1924 a press reporter wrote 'hopeless' instead of 'helpless.' Helplessness there is, and it was just when he found that he could not physically stem the tide of increasing evil that he decided to throw himself on God. 'A religious movement,' he said to the press the other day, 'does not depend for its success upon the intellectual resources of its sponsors. But it depends solely upon the spiritual resources, and fasting is the most known method of adding to these resources. Not every fast brings about the desired result. I have given some of the conditions in my statement, and it is claimed by those who have conducted religious movements that the intellectual material and other things follow from the spiritual capital but should never be independent of it.'

Q:—But surely God could not have given him the time and date for the fast! He must have been thinking of it for some time.

A.—I am not surprised that you say so. A loving friend said the very same thing in sheer exasperation: 'For the life of me, I do not understand this God of yours.' You know what he said to her: 'It is to make you understand Him that I have undertaken this fast.' I would ask the world to believe literally what he has said to several friends: 'I may tell you that I resisted myself for long. I admit I have an instinctive liking for fasting, but I had no liking this time. I continued to listen to several Job's comforters, but at last the call came in a way it could not be resisted. And once the decision was made, the other details were quickly filled in.' I may, perhaps, add that the fast would have been taken on the noon of the 30th, but for his chivalry, which is part of his nature. 'How can I go on a fast without giving sufficient notice to the Government whose prisoner I am?' said he to himself and decided to put it back a week.

Q.—But Mahatmaji is known to have a habit of thinking aloud. Surely, Sardar Vallabhbhai and you must have had some inkling.

A.—Not very much more than vigilant readers of the 'Harijan' could have had, certainly not more than those who see the monster of untouchability stalking the land in various shapes and forms. You have read about the Nattar-Harijan trouble in South India? Well, wise after the event, I now remember how a report of the way in which the Harijans had been treated by the 'Nattars' had stirred him. I can see him writhing in agony as he said: 'These troubles are cruel reminders of the events which precipitated the Hindu-Muslim fast of 1924.' That was certain indication, but I felt he had decided to store up the agony. There were other indications which I could name but need not. Only eight days before he took this decision, he wrote to a friend in Europe, narrating the story of how Prophet Mahomed found his sustenance when fasting. "I remember," he said, "having read somewhere a reply of Prophet Mahomed in answer to a question by one of his devotees. The followers were enjoined not to take more than 24 hours' fast. The latter once asked him, 'Why do you not let us take longer fasts?' He said, 'You pull a long face even when you take this little fast, are impatient to break it and wish for it to end as soon as it is taken, whereas, although I go without food for days, I rejoice in the fast, for my God gives me richer food to which you are strangers. I do not feel the deprivation at all whilst I am fasting.' I thought that there was a great truth behind these words." Is there not a sufficient shadow in this of the coming event? But I may tell you that all through these months of agonising discussions and correspondence with Pundits and Shastris the storm was raging within himself as to whether no better way could be found to wrestle with God, who seemed to tolerate this monstrous iniquity. 'Ravana,' he said during one of his talks during this week of privilege and grace, 'was not after all so great a monster as this monster of untouchability. He carried away Sita, but did not move his little finger to attack her modesty. Some of us to-day would not suffer these half-naked sub-humans to hide their shame! And all in the name of Religion. We have heard of negro slavery, but even that pales into insignificance before this indigenous brand, nourished and fostered by religion. That religion stinks in my nostrils.' "There is nothing so bad in all the world," he writes in a letter to one of his dearest associates. "And yet I cannot leave religion, and therefore, Hinduism. My life would be a burden to me if Hinduism failed me. I love Christianity, Islam and, many other faiths through Hinduism. Take it away and nothing remains for me. But then I cannot tolerate it with untouchability, the high and low belief. Fortunately, Hinduism contains a sovereign remedy for the evil. I have applied the remedy."

'The Harijanmovement is toobigfor intellectual effort,' he cries out in an agony of helplessness. 'How am I to demonstrate to the great ex-judges and ex-advocates-general that this movement is not a political stunt? How am I to strive intellectually with the Shastra-is? How am I to inspire confidence in Dr. Ambedkar? How can I hopelessly look on whilst poor Harijans are being made shuttlecocks in the political game? How am I to fight the religious 'goondaism' in our own midst? I am amazed that I should not have had the courage to apply this remedy before. It was resorted to in moments of trial as an infallible remedy by our saints and 'rishis.' It was taught me by my mother whose whole life was one course of fasting. Sri Ramachandra sat before the Indian Ocean, fasting in helplessness because the Ocean would give no way to enable him to storm the castle of Ravana. And yet we forget that we have a mightier, uglier, crueler Ravana to fight to-day. And what are the feeble means we are employing? Big organisations. What are they worth without workers who have dedicated themselves to the cause with a conviction that untruth and impurity will damage a holy cause? We are having schools and wells etc. for the Harijans. A Chengiz Khan would, perhaps, have gone about it with more thoroughness. He would have built many more such schools and wells would have swept away plague-spots like the Allahabad and Calcutta bustis and even forced the 'swarna' Hindus to vacate their happy homes for the scavenger and the sweeper. But what would it avail? Would that make the 'swarna' Hindu embrace the untouchable as his brother? Would that fill the Harijan with a sense of freedom and oneness with the 'swarna'? Such measures would, perhaps, sow the seeds of perpetual civil wars. What, then, is our substitute? We have known massacres to have inspired frightfulness. Let us resort to willing self-immolations to inspire in those

(Continued on page 5)

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## FOR A QUIET CORNER

### HOW TO COMMAND SUCCESS

**"THINK, THEN ACT"**

We all know that he who hesitates is lost, but it is not always wise to adopt the bull-at-a-gate method. What is the happy mean ?

It is action after reflection that achieves things—the capacity to think things out, and then act with decision.

This doctrine is easy to preach, but not so easy to follow. The truth of the matter is that we have to *learn to be resolute*, just as we learn to ride a bicycle or drive a car. The metaphor is not so far-fetched, because in all three cases we wobble about in a similar manner until we have mastered the art of going straight to our goal.

An inflexible purpose only comes from mental and moral strength, and that, like physical strength, has to be cultivated.

Whether you ever succeed in attaining decision of character depends upon how much you want it. If you want a few pounds very badly for a certain purpose, you start saving small sums, and it is surprising how soon you have the money. Similarly, once you make up your mind to avoid wobbling in small matters, you will find it not nearly so hard to be firm about big ones, writes Geoffrey Rhodes in "Answers"

**FINAL COURT OF APPEAL**

A great deal of unhappiness in life comes through people constantly changing their mind. Don't settle on a plan or strike a bargain without thought, but once having made your decision, stick to it. A bargain's a bargain, whether you make it with yourself or someone else.

There is one other point in this connection that does not occur to everybody. If you go from one idea to another (first you will and then you won't, without ever arriving at a final decision) you are like a man taking a case from one court to another in an endless series of appeals, each reversing the previous verdict.

If such a thing were possible outside America, there are many actions which would never be definitely settled at all. The essence of the British judicial system, however, is that, if an appeal is permitted, there is a final Court that has the last word.

In the case of ourselves, it is convenient to consider first thoughts as a sort of hearing before the magistrate. Should the affair be a simple one, there is no need to carry the matter further. If serious questions are at stake, it is wise to let the issue come up for serious judgment.

Only the weak-minded dream of debating whether a meal is to be eaten or left, if a walk shall be through the park or down the lane. Inclination is enough to settle a matter like that. But which to accept of two jobs offered me calls for deeper consideration. Once having taken a decision on that matter, however, I am a fool if I do not abide by it.

**IF WE GIVE OUR WORD**

It is so important to remember that, once we have come to a decision, others are usually involved, and lightly to change our plans is to let them down. If we once give our word, to break it is a crime.

Were people permitted to chop and change all the time, progress would be checked, and what we call civilisation go to the wall.

There is no relation, however, between pigheadedness and determination—obstinate persons stand out over trifles when they might gracefully give in, and allow themselves to be led by the nose when some vital question is at stake.

We all need to know our own limitations, so that we may make up our mind to do only what we are able to accomplish. Decision of character does not attempt the impossible. It judges means and ends, and fits the one to the other.

There are crowds of people knocking about with an excellent opinion of their own judgment, and very readily with ideas about everything ; they flatter themselves that they are resolution itself. But let one of them have to come to a real decision, to make up his mind to change the situation of his home or to look for another job, and you will find that all his confidence quickly vanishes.

Don't be like this. Make up your mind first ; "then, armed with resolution," as Shakespeare says, you are not wasting your time crying out against your circumstances, but successfully building up your life upon the foundation of things as you find them.

## PEARLS FROM SAGES

**(BY MR. P. Y. SESHAGIRI RAO)**

Aim at perfection in everything, though in most things it is unattainable.

A foe should not be subdued by the infliction of cruel pain, nor by cruel speech, nor by evil thought.

A weak mind is like a microscope which magnifies trifling things but cannot receive great ones.

A single dewdrop fills up the empty bowl of thirsty flower. What need has it of ministering rivers ?

As much as lieth in you, live peaceably with all men.

Avoid temptation, through fear that you may not withstand it.

A prudent woman is in the same class of honour as a wise man.

A ruler needs 99 per cent of kindness and only one per cent of contempt.

Always speak little, be brief.

Always try to do good to others even though you may not be thanked.

Always speak the truth.

A large life rather than a small one.

A penny saved is a penny earned.

At the end of a year be able to say definitely what advance you have made in some one business in that year.

Be substantially great in thyself and more than thou appearest unto others ; and let the world be deceived in thee, as they are in the lights of heaven.

Be swift to hear, and if thou hast understanding answer thy neighbour ; if not lay thy hand upon thy mouth. Honour and shame is in talk.

Bring thy children up in learning and obedience, yet without outward austerity. Praise them openly, reprehend them secretly.

Be advised to employ yourself rather in the improving of your understanding than in inflaming your passions, and to prefer realities before appearances.

Be true in all words and actions. Be charitable in all thought word and deed, and ever ready to forgive injuries done to yourself, and be more pleased to do good than to receive good.

Believe that it is all going to come out right, even when it seems to be coming out all wrong.

Believe that the strongest thing in the universe is the Strong Will.

Believe that the will is only strong when on the right side.

Believe that the strongest will is the will that first knows how to give in and obey.

Believe that you can make your life all over again, and that it is worth your while to try it.

Believe that the grandest thing in the universe is doing what you do not want to do *just because it is right*.

Believe that the next grandest thing in the universe is *not* doing what you want to do, because what you want to do would be wrong.

Believe that the strongest man in the world is the man who can keep his good resolutions.

Believe it is worth while working for a cause, the success of which will not be realised while you are alive.

Believe that there is *something else, somehow, somewhere*, fighting for you when you take the rightside.

Believe that there is something else, some how, some where fighting *against* you, when you take the wrongside—not once but always.

Believe in war—not war against men, but against a bad thing.

Believe that other people have troubles as well as you, and that usually their troubles are a good deal heavier than yours.

Believe that when things are going against you is the time to apply in your conduct and feelings the principles you may have been preaching to others.

Believe in yourself,—that there is something sacred in your being, a higher self and that you can live up to the level of that higher self if you make the effort.

Believe in Justice,—that it must conquer and that its triumph is of more importance than that just *you* should be prosperous and happy.

Believe in law,—that there is something sacred about it, whether it be the law of conscience or the law of the State.

Believe in your fellow-man,—that there is a man with in the man which you are to respect even when you cannot respect the outer man.

Believe in mankind,—in the value of those universal experiences recorded in the institution of *Law* and *Government*.

Believe that the law and Government can always be improved, and that the book of human experience has not yet been closed.

Believe in your beliefs,—believe in them with all your might,—but believe in the honesty of other men who may not agree with your beliefs.

Believe that your beliefs will conquer, whatever happens because truth somehow must conquer.

Believe that your beliefs will *never* conquer no matter what happens unless *you* stand up for them.

Believe in the value of other men's experience, and thereby save half your life from being a failure by endeavouring to show that you know more than everybody else.

Be honest with yourself whatever the temptation. Say nothing to others that you do not think, and play no tricks with your own mind.

Be honest in all your dealings. Be truthful. Be decent, be fair, be generous.

Be satisfied with the day as it comes. Be gentle in your speech to your dependents.

Being reviled, one should not revile, provoked, one should be patient.

Be not intemperate. All the good of any amusement comes from its use in moderation.

Be charitable before wealth make the covetous, and lose not the glory of the mite.

Be not too earnest, loud or violent in conversation. Silence your opponent with reason not with noise.

Control your own self and you will control others.

Care for your old father and your son will care for you.

Consider when thou art much grieved or vexed that man's life is only a moment, and after a short time we are all laid out dead.

Drink no kind of intoxicating liquors. Do not marry until you are able to support a wife.

Defame not any woman publicly though thou know her to be evil.

Do the thing you are afraid to do.

Do the duty that comes next your hand.

Doubt is indigestion. He who digests the facts and phenomena of life and still doubts the immortality of man has mental dyspepsia.

Do not only take occasions of doing good when they are thrust upon thee but study to do all the good thou canst.

Endeavour to be innocent as a dove, but as wise as a serpent.

Every man should have an avocation besides his vocation.

Even in early life connect yourself with some public enterprise.

Face the music. March up to the Captain's office. Face your perplexities.

Fate ! Statesmen only talk of fate when they have blundered.

Faith is to soul what knowledge is to mind. Faulty men love to proclaim the faults of others in order that they may find some excuse for their own faults.

Five men are to be despised—he who unasked intrudes between two contending parties ; he who sits in a company for which he is not fit ; he who orders the master of the house where he is a guest ; he who sits at a table to which he has not been invited ; and he who speaks to men who take no notice of what he says.

Good character is above all things else.

Good company and good conversation are the sinews of virtue.

Get not your friends by bare compliments, but by giving them sensible tokens of your love.

Hate idleness and curb all passions. He who gets a good husband for his daughter hath gained a son; and he who meets with a bad one hath lost a daughter.

He obtains happiness who renounces desire, that fatal disease hard to be forsaken by the evil-minded, unconsumed when even life decays.

He who tries to deceive God deceives himself. He who oppresses an orphan will have undutiful children.

If any one speak evil of you, let your life be such that no one will believe him.

It is better to do a thing than not to do it, all other things being equal. That is, in a lazy world action is better than rest.

If you want your secret kept, keep it. In repeating any statement of hearsay, cut off ten per cent, twenty or even fifty of any numerical statement made. This is to correct inevitable exaggerations.

If you spend a dollar for your own amusement as at an opera or summer excursion, spend as much for some one else.

It is by the little pleasure which we give to other people that we do the most to help the world.

It is a very happy thing for a m[illegible] to have lived a day without food. It is a great thing to learn solidly not to quarrel with your bread and butter.

If you would lead the masses you must guide them with two reins, enthusiasm and interest. He who uses only one of these reins is in grave danger.

Ignore the faults of others and be ashamed of yours.

"I beseech you," entreats Wycliffe, " shun proud men, envious men, backbiters, and men despising salvation, who are dead to virtue, and joy in their own lusts and want God's joy."

If you love learning, you will be learned. It is not much resolution as renunciation, not so much courage as resignation that we need to resist temptations.

If a man is merely to be a bundle of sensations, he had better not exist at all.

In early youth we are phrase-slaves. At forty, one faces up to the facts of life. *All Rights Reserved.*

(To be continued).

## 24-STONE WOMAN

A woman weighing 24 stone has been convicted by a German court for persistent fraud during the past ten years and sentenced to two years' imprisonment. The woman, who was excused personal appearance in court owing to her difficulty in movement, explained that she had acted under compulsion, as she required to be waited on and could not meet expenses out of the allowance made to her by her husband. It is doubtful whether the State will compel her to serve the sentence, since prisons are already overcrowded, owing to the thousands of political arrests made by the present Government. The woman has been already in prison for a short period, and on that occasion the authorities had to find a cell with a double door, and had to take both halves of the door off the hinges before she could enter the cell.

## FORTUNES FROM TIPS

### HOTEL PORTERS ARE MORE FORTUNATE

#### THEY MANAGE TO SEE LIFE—AND GET THE MONEY AS WELL

Rich people who patronised the Savoy Hotel were met by a stout, tall man in the hotel's livery. His eyes were bright behind his glasses, and he never needed to be told a name.

He was Mr. Mockett, the head porter. Guests always tipped "Old Nick," as he was called, because he was courteous.

And now Mr. Mockett is dead, and his will has been proved at £20,000. A fortune from tips!

This case, however, is far from being unique. Not long ago a Liverpool hotel porter died and left exactly £1,000 more than Mr. Mockett.

The late head porter of the Lord Warden Hotel, Dover, combining his hotel work with sound investment, left in the end over £10,000.

Hotel servants, of course, come into contact with the well-to-do and wealthy. Very often the wage is a small consideration beside the real attraction—the tips.

Even waiters have been known to accumulate considerable capital, enough to start in business on their own. The late proprietor of the Cafe Royal the famous Nicol, began as a waiter. He left behind him a big fortune and a world-famous business.

#### WEALTHY, BUT STILL WORKING

A few weeks ago a Trinity House pilot left £10,000. This is a big fortune, even for a man who earns a considerable income piloting ships up and down London river.

But perhaps the most amazing instance of a man in humble life accumulating riches is that of the late head game-keeper to the Duke of Buccleuch. He left £42,721.

Even gardeners working on large estates have been known to amass riches. For example, the late head gardener of the Duke of Devonshire left £5,000.

Examine these cases, and it generally transpires that the "poor" man has saved money and invested it wisely.

But there are stranger cases than these quoted. For instance, the Lincolnshire farm labourer who astounded his friends by leaving a fortune of £8,683.

How, on his meagre wage, did he contrive to do it? Nobody knows.

Equally mysterious was the fortune accumulated by a Manchester cotton operative who had never earned more than his fellows and yet left £12,000.

Why, having accumulated enough capital to enable him to live on the interest of it, did this worker continue to work long hours for small wages? Another mystery!

Another remarkable case was that of the late John Coutts, buttler to Lord Ribblesdale, who left £13,500. Buttlers get tips, as game-keepers do, but it takes a good many tips to make up so big a fortune as that.

#### APPEARANCES DON'T COUNT

The explanation in this case was judicious investment in house property. And that explanation applies also to the £8,000 fortune left by the late head waiter of the Cock Tavern in Fleet Street.

Thrift and sound business acumen explain to some extent these surprising fortunes. But there are other factors, too.

For example, a business man who does well usually changes his style of living to harmonise with his increased prosperity. Professional men, whether they are doing well or not are obliged to keep up appearances.

But men in walks of life that make no such demands on them are free to put away their surplus income and to accumulate it.

A true story illustrates just how deceptive appearances may be. A well-known doctor, living in a large house in a fashionable neighbourhood, felt the effects of the slump very badly.

He gave a dinner-party once a week but for the rest of the week the family lived on what was left over.

People who have no need to thing about appearances are saved such devices. Perhaps that is why so often poor men turn out to be rich.

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## WHERE LONDON SHOPS

#### SOME HARD WORDS ON STREET ARCHITECTURE

The architecture of most of London's principal shopping streets was severely criticized by Mr. F. S. Towndrow, in an address in London before the Royal Institute of British Architects.

Under the title "Where Londoners Shop," the address described a tour of the shopping centres from the City to the West End.

Here are some of Mr. Towndrow's criticisms:

Cheapside and Newgate Street,—muddled in their architecture.

The Strand.—A dirty, tumbledown bazaar. There is a bit of everything—a railway station, one of London's most fashionable hotels, half-a-dozen unfashionable ones; a couple of churches, half-a dozen "pubs"; two oyster shops; several "penny gaffs"; one large cinema; several theatres; eight or nine dirty advertisement hoardings; a few large office blocks; a pretty large sprinkling of cheap-jack establishments—and the finest modern shop in London.

Charing Cross-road.—Beyond doubt the foulest street in Christendom.

Tottenham Court-road.—A most unfortunate thoroughfare. It contains some of the world's worst buildings.

Oxford-street.—It is impossible to like it. It is "all over the place." Has some good buildings and some shocking ones. It is a street which seems to live by perpetually expiring—on its leases. Always seems to be selling itself up at below cost price. There is no dignity about Oxford-street.

Regent-street.—It remains the only dignified street we have. It is at least orderly. It maintains a general mediocrity throughout.

Wigmore-street.—One of the most delightful streets of all.

Bond-street.—A typically British curiosity. A conundrum to every foreigner, who must ask why the most exclusive street in this great capital should be a narrow tortuous affair of no architectural significance. In spite of its narrowness it has a certain character.

Mr. Towndrow added that London was the greatest shopping centre in the world, where one could buy anything from a cholera germ to a white elephant.

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## GENERAL SEELY'S PEEP INTO HAREM.

General Seely claimed, in a lecture on his Mediterranean experiences to the members of the Island Sailing Club at Cowes in mail week, to be about the only white man alive who had seen a Sultan's harem.

When only 19 years of age, while on a cruise to the Dardanelles in his father's yacht, they visited the Ambassador.

General Seely and his brother rode out to Chittaljah lines and were allowed to see the Sultan's Palace. They were shepherded round by a fierce looking man carrying a drawn scimitar.

General Seely said he inquired where the harem was, but was told he could not go there.

Slipping from his native guide, he sped down the corridor, waving aside a burly sentry, passed through some curtains, and saw Abdul Hamid's harem.

It was most disappointing, said General Seely. The women were fully dressed, fat and ugly.


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# Sane Sentiments on Sex

## A GIRL'S MOST INTIMATE PROBLEM

### A FRANK AND NATURAL EXPLANATION

One of the things I said when I was speaking at the recent display at the Holborn Empire was that I noted with satisfaction the ever-increasing number of lady Leaguers and lady readers of my articles in "Health and Strength." It is therefore, obvious that, in my articles each week, I have to cater now, not only for the male, but also for the female, and this week my article is one exclusively of feminine interest, and if there be those of my male readers who feel they are being neglected I ask them to remember that in times past I have written many articles which have been, shall I say, entirely of male interest.

My subject this week is one which concerns every young woman—every woman. It is a subject which has been, to some extent, avoided, and how great is the ignorance on this topic I see from the number of letters I get from young women who are concerned about certain physiological conditions affecting their bodies at certain periods of their lives. In a recent article, discussing the matter of female development and adolescence, I stated that at the time of puberty there is a great change in the mentality, actions, and physical structure of the growing girl. The breasts begin to develop at this time; hair makes its appearance on the pubes, and there is a change in the generative organs. But it is not only through the development of the breasts and the growth of the pubic hair that the girl becomes a woman, writes T.B. Partington in "Health and Strength."

### THE GREAT CHANGE

An internal process, which is the most important and most sensational event in the whole life of a woman, really brings about this change. I mean, of course, the occurrence of the first menstruation, the first monthly flow, the first "period." It is then that the average female finds that her thoughts begin to move in the direction of sex more than at any other time: curiosity regarding sexuality supervenes, and altogether the advent and circumstances of menstruation linger long in the memory of the woman. It can be truly said that it is only through the first menstruation that the girl becomes a woman in the proper sense of the word; it is only thus that she attains maturity and becomes fully capable of her natural function—reproduction. Yet the ignorance of the average girl as to the true significance of this purely natural function is perfectly appalling, so is the ignorance of many women. Referring to the subject, Dr. Bernhard A. Bauer, in his book, "Woman," says:—

"Very few women know what menstruation really is. Most women accept menstruation with an indifference bordering on laziness, as something which simply *happens*, and are not in the least concerned with attempting to discover the nature, purpose, and reason of this phenomenon. We confess that we have never looked for such a desire for knowledge in uneducated women, but one might at least expect that, among women of the educated classes, at any rate, some glimmer of the truth might be found. But no! We never receive a correct, or even approximately correct answer, if we ask women to explain this monthly occurrence. They are unable to give any answer to the question. They know only what they have heard from their companions, and do not realise how undignified it is for them to bestow so little attention on a process which plays such a great part in their lives.

"This is one of the greatest defects in education! It is a mistake, out of false prudery or shame, to omit an explanation, and to refrain from speaking on a subject which is as important in the life of a woman as sleeping, eating, or drinking; which is just as natural as the functioning of any other organ of the body. Would a mother ever be ashamed to explain to her daughter the function of say, the salivary glands? Is not the wonderful function of the ovaries a thousand times more important than that of any other organ? Is it not this alone on which the human being, life, the whole race, mankind, is ultimately based?"

### WIDESPREAD IGNORANCE

Dr. Bauer goes on to say:—

"I have taken the trouble of asking a hundred of my patients, all women of a high grade of intelligence and of varying ages, what did they think menstruation really was? I shall give the result of this test, and then women who read this book may consider how they would have answered it. Nine could give no reply at all! In the other 91 cases I was given the typical reply. "That, by means of the period, bad blood was carried away from the woman's body!" None of them could explain exactly what she meant by this, and none could say what happened to the 'bad blood' of the man! These figures speak for themselves."

There is not the least doubt that in women the period of menstruation suggests uncleanliness, and the menstrual discharge is regarded as especially obnoxious, and in some instances contaminating, while it is truly remarkable how successfully women suppress evidences of this essentially physiological feminine function.

It is noteworthy that even mothers very reluctantly talk freely with their own daughters upon this subject, for very many girls receive but meagre, if any, instructions from the proper source, and if the curiosity of the growing girl at her crucial period of life is not actually met with a reprimand, she is frequently put off with a few words as to her personal care. So completely is evidence of menstruation removed that the great majority of girls learn nothing about this matter except by hearsay, for it is usually by this method alone that knowledge of its occurrence is obtained.

Now let us consider what it all means, what is its true significance. In the normal female it begins at puberty and lasts, independently of seasons, in exactly recurring cycles for about 30 years without intermission. The essential female organs of sex are the ovaries, oviducts, womb, vagina, and breasts. All these organs, except the breasts, are on the inside of the body, in the lower part of the abdomen. In the mature woman the ovaries, which are two in number, are small, almond-shaped glands, just below the navel, and are 4in. or 5 in. apart, one located in the left side of the body and the other in the right. The ovaries are enveloped in a broad, thin, strong membrane, and connect with the upper part of the womb by slender cords, called oviducts.

### THE MEANING OF PUBERTY

There takes place in every girl, when she is from 12 to 15, a remarkable change called puberty, or adolescence. From this time on, until she is 40 to 45, in some cases even to a later time, there will be formed in one of the ovaries every four weeks a tiny egg, or ovum. The ovum is less than 1,120 of an inch in diameter. When this little egg breaks through the membrane of the ovary it would drop down into the cavity of the body were it not for a wonderful provision. The oviducts, or, as they are often called, the fallopian tubes: ducts connected with the upper part of the womb, are 3in. in length, and have finger-like ends. When the little egg breaks through the membrane of the ovary the fingers of the oviducts close about the ovary and receive the little egg, which then enters the tiny mouth of the oviduct, and is conveyed through its small cavity to the womb.

Each 28 days, therefore, there is a breaking away from the ovary of the ovum, and each approach of this period is usually heralded by an uneasy feeling in the small of the back, heaviness about the ovaries, sometimes by headaches, and possibly pains in other parts of the body. One of the ovaries has formed a little egg or ovum. A flow of mucus, tinged with blood, formed by the mucous membrane of the womb, passes from the body by way of the vagina. This usually lasts about four days. Meanwhile the ovum is conveyed by the fallopian tube to the womb, where, after the flow has ceased, it remains several days, before passing from the body by way of the vagina.

There is no doubt that a large number of girls and young women do suffer a certain amount of physical discomfort at these times each month, and so a few lines on the subject of the hygiene of menstruation will not be out of place. During recent years a good deal of careful work has been done with a view to establishing right views on the periodic phenomena of menstruation. For the hygiene of menstruation is largely a matter of education. If the girl understands exactly what it is that is happening, that the event is natural, is regulated for her by her own healthy body, she will accept it as simply as she does development of the other physical characteristics. She will not be mystified, nor open to unhealthy ideas, either psychological or physical, in connection therewith, nor burdened by evasions aud concealments at what is so wrongly termed "the poorly time."

### PRECAUTIONS NECESSARY

Some time ago the Medical Women's Federation issued a leaflet, which is an authoritative statement of precautions necessary to be observed at the time of menstruation. In the leaflet it was stressed that menstruation is a natural function, and that it should not be, and is not normally accompanied by pain or malaise. It was pointed out that there is no risk in taking a bath during the period, and that it is, in fact, desirable that a warm bath should be taken daily, and that this is a good remedy for any slight pain or headache which may occur. Where the girl is accustomed to a daily cold bath this may be continued, but it was pointed out that, for obvious reasons, swimming in public baths cannot be allowed. A matter that was stressed, and which is, of course, of great importance, is a daily action of the bowels.

### THE MATTER OF EXERCISE

We are told there is no risk in allowing a girl to join in ordinary games and gymnastics; in fact, we are assured that exercise, especially exercise involving bending of the body, has been found in many cases to lessen or cure menstrual pains. The giving of alcohol, the habit of resting or lying down at the time are considered to be inadvisable. It adds that "...while it is desirable that girls should take part in games, long expeditions or cycle rides, or matches or competitions in which there is a strong incentive to exhaust the reserves of strength should be indulged in with some caution, especially during the early years of adolescence."

## TRAIN TIMINGS

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| | DEP. | ARR. | DEP. | ARR. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
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| BOMBAY MAIL ... | Cen. Station 8-40 P.M. | Bombay 6-00 A.M. | Bombay 10-00 P.M. | Cen. Station 5-55 A.M. |
| BOMBAY EXPRESS ... | Cen. Station 8-30 A.M. | Bombay 10-15 A.M. | Bombay 1-45 P.M. | Cen. Station 5-10 P.M. |
| GRAND TRUNK EXPRESS ... | Cen. Station 7-45 A.M. | Delhi 10-40 A.M. | Delhi 6-00 P.M. | Cen. Station 7-00 P.M. |
| BANGALORE MAIL ... | Cen. Station 9-30 P.M. | Bangalore 6.35 A.M. | Bangalore 9-00 P.M. | Cen. Station 6-15 A.M. |
| BANGALORE EXPRESS ... | Cen. Station 1-00 P.M. | Bangalore 7-40 P.M. | Bangalore 7-40 A.M. | Cen. Station 2-10 P.M. |
| BLUE MOUNTAIN EXPRESS ... | Cen. Station 9-15 P.M. | Ootacamund 12 NOON | Ootacamund 3-00 P.M. | Cen. Station 6.35 A.M. |
| MALABAR EXPRESS ... | Cen. Station 8.05 P.M. | Mangalore 4-25 P.M. | Mangalore 9.45 A.M. | Cen. Station 7-15 A.M. |
| WALTAIR PASSENGER (1) ... | Cen. Station 7-55 A.M. | Waltair 9-45 A.M. | Waltair 6-25 A.M. | Cen Station 7-50 A.M. |
| WALTAIR PASSENGER (2) ... | Cen. Station 7.30 P.M. | Waltair 9-45 P.M. | Waltair 6-30 P.M. | Cen. Station 6-00 P.M. |
| | DEP. | ARR. | DEP. | ARR. |
| INDO-CEYLON EXPRESS | Egmore 9-00 P.M. | Dhanushkodi 4-25 P.M. | Dhanushkodi 10-45 A.M. | Egmore 6.40 A.M. |
| TRIVANDRUM EXPRESS | Egmore 7-30 P.M. | Trivandrum 7-45 P.M. | Trivandrum 6-30 A.M. | Egmore 7-35 A.M. |
| TRIVANDRUM FAST PASSR. | Egmore 9-30 P.M. | Trivandrum 5-45 A.M. | Trivandrum 9-45 P.M. | Egmore 6-05 A.M. |
| SHENCOTTAH PASSENGER | Egmore 6-50 A.M. | Shencottah 11-42 A.M. | Shencottoh 2-10 P.M. | Egmore 7-50 P.M. |
| DHANUSHKODI FAST PASSR. | Egmore 11-15 A.M. | Dhanushkodi 6-15 A.M. | Dhanushkodi 6-40 P.M. | Egmore 2-55 P.M. |
| TRICHINOPOLY PARCELS PASSENGER | Egmore 10-40 P.M. | Trichinopoly 3-40 P.M. | Trichinopoly 12-50 P.M. | Egmore 5 35 A.M. |

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22—5—33 Gramophone Records—European Music.

At 5-45 p.m.—Radio Talk No. 16 by Rao Bahadur Dr. M. Kesava Pai, O.B.E., M. D. on "The Importance of Tuberculosis Institutions in the prevention of Tuberculosis—Tuberculosis Hospitals and Sanatoria."

23—5—33 Mr. K. Purushotham Raju—South Indian Music (Vocal).

24—5—33 Gawai Govindarajulu Naidu—Hindustani Music (Vocal and Harmonium).

25—5—33 Mr. Nanjundiah of Kuppam—South Indian Music (Vocal).

26—5—33 Lady Students, "Teachers' Training College of Music,' Madras Music Academy—South Indian Music (Vocal).

27—5—33 Students of the Teachers' Training College of Music Madras Music Academy—South Indian Music (Vocal).

28—5—33 Mr. K. S. Subramania Baghavathar—South Indian Music (Vocal).

29—5—33 Gramophone Records—European Music.

At 5-45 p.m.—Lecture by Mr. R. Narayanaswami, M.A., on "Wanted A Civic Cons 'ence."

30—5—33 Mr. Hoskota Hanumantha Rao—South Indian Music (Vocal).

31—5—33 Mr. Farookhi—Hindustani Music (Vocal).

It is, of course, well known that the mental life of woman is subject to various disturbances during the menstrual period—the mental condition of a woman is greatly influenced by her monthly periods, and this fact may account for the origin of the assertion that "A woman's mind is in her womb." And so far as exalted sexual feeling or increased desire is concerned, it is pretty generally conceded that about the time of menstruation of the female is a propitious time for its advent. Many women—married—have told me that it has been during this time that they have been possessed of the most intense longings for union with their husbands, but for many reasons, hygienic and others, this is not to be allowed. Why there has been all the modesty in the past on the subject, "modesty" which has given rise to an amount of unclean suggestion regarding this function in the female, I cannot understand, for, after all, the hygiene of menstruation seems to amount to nothing different from the hygiene of every-day life, and the sooner it is taught to every girl as she enters into adolescence the better it will be for the women and girls of the country.

## MAGIC MADE "EASY."

How did the hare turn into the jelly and the jelly get wrapped round the gente'man's half crown?

"Now the hare's safely inside the table." "But the jelly came out of the wrong hat." "He should have the table-cloth longer."

Three hundred members of the Magic Circle, which held its Annual Festival or "Grand Seance" in London in mail week were the most disarming and yet the most lynx-like, unrelaxing audience of the year as they watched their fellow-magicians "put some ne[illegible]s across" on the stage.

The slim, surprised and dazz[illegible]g girls who suddenly appear from empty boxes at a pistol shot, or "dematerialise," to the grieved amazement of the audience, were there in the stalls looking no stranger, and considerably merrier, than people who are not always turning into thin air.

The small boys who appear from under flower pots were ebullient with ice-cream and applause, moderated only by the hugest of White Eton collars. As for their fathers, with the rosy cheeks and angelic double chins that seem to be a monopoly of those who have innocently "kidded the public" all their life; they saw through everything—nearly—and explained the fine points without the slightest air of professional mystery.

### "SHUFFLING."

Exactly how, for instance, Mr. Graham Adams shuffled those cards for poker, given himself the maximum every time, or made cards "follow their leader," red or black, according to his whim, seemed perfectly obvious to magicians—but even to them incredibly difficult.

The gentle art of cutting pieces out of handkerchiefs, then burning them, and squeezing them back to normal with an incantation drew delight, but not mystification, even when the handkerchiefs went green and blue by passing through a piece of empty paper.

But the magicians themselves were "had" completely by one act. Mrs. Zomah sat with her eyes swathed in a black bond, while two members of the audience played snap on the stage, with cards shuffled to the satisfaction even of magicians. She called out the name of every card, with the correct prophecy of every trick, in spite of Mr. Zomah's complete silence. "Baffling" was the universal and regretful verdict, joined in even by the two magicians who had played the hands on the stage.

## Mrs. NAGAMMAL

### AN APPRECIATION

(BY MR. K. M. BALASUBRAMANIAM, B.A., B.L.)

We regret to record the distressing news of the sad demise of Mrs. Nagammal, the beloved wife and partner of Mr. E. V. Ramaswamy, the founder of the Self-Respect Movement. No doubt she has been ailing for the past fortnight or so and confined to bed in a rather serious and alarming condition. But hopes of her recovery were held out by the doctors and signs of her improvement were not slow in confirming that hope. But alas! she suddenly passed away leaving behind her, her fond and affectionate husband and a band of young men and women to bemoan her death for ever.

In her death Mr. E. V. Ramaswamy loses a priceless and peerless wife, the followers of the movement a motherly and guardian-like Mistress and the town of Erode an ideal housewife and a hospitable hostess. Not merely in her capacity as the Printer and Publisher of 'Kudi Arasu' but in a thousand other ways had she been a source of inspiration and strength to this great movement. As much in the days of her husband's active participation in the Non-Co-operation movement as in these days of his lead of the Self-Respect Movement, the late Mrs. Nagammal stood unswervingly and loyally by her 'hubby' sharing with him the rigours of a prison life or the rapturous plandits of the populace. She was to Mr. E. V. R. what Mrs. Gandhi is to her husband. If even the apparently unshakable and firm mind of Mr. E. V. R. has been practically paralysed by this calamity, one can very well imagine the place she occupied in his affections. She was in her life-time treating her 'hubby' not merely as a husband but as a child. If we recall the maternal way in which that noble lady used to meticulously look to her husband's tidy-dressing and timely baths and meals as in the case of an indifferent child, tears gush down our cheeks.

Mr. E. V. R. provided the head of the movement that noble lady proved the heart thereof. A band of young men and women who have cast away the cumbrances of their castemen and contracted reform marriages were made not to feel the loneliness or segregation solely by the motherly affection and attitude of the late Mrs. Nagammal. We clustered round her with more affection than to our mother and asked for this and that with perfect freedom. And she with her inimitable smile and genial temper would treat us all as her children. She was a perfect picture of hospitality and courtesy, a noble soul and an able lady. The bereavement is a shock not merely to her dear husband but to the movement.

### SPARKS FROM SACRED FIRE

(Continued from First Page)

responsible for the wrong a holy frightfulness—a will and a determination to flee from 'the wrath to come.'

Q :—But the evil has been there all these years, why this sudden adoption of a frightful measure? Why this lack of faith in God and of confidence in his sincere band of followers?

A.—I have wasted all this breath, it seems. Why will not you understand that Gandhiji has no quarrel with anybody but himself or his God? Volcanoes do not erupt and earthquakes do not come with previous notice. 'I spent three restless nights cogitating and wrestling with myself. It was not a stroke of indigestion. It was the agony of the throes of a new birth.' The method was there, now for years unfortunately buried in our books, and, therefore, seeming unexplored. The discovery and its application means the inauguration of a new era in the conduct of this movement of the "greatest reform of our time," as General Smuts has called in his noble cable to Gandhiji. That is what Gandhiji meant when he said: 'My fast will be a precursor of many fasts by others, and if I survive, I may feel called upon to undertake another fast.' It is nothing less or more than calling God to account by one who has staked his all and thrown himself entirely on His mercy. God after all is as much a Creator of evil as of good. Gandhiji repeats what Tulsidas says in a hymn of poignant [illegible]lody: 'Not my shame, but Thine, my Lord, [illegible]sted.'

# THE SELF-RESPECT MOVEMENT EXPLAINED

## ITS MANY SIDED ACTIVITIES

The following is the text of the lecture delivered by Mr. E. V. Ramaswamy at Thirupatur on 7-5-33 :—

"There has of late been an impression gaining ground that the Self-Respect Movement has entered on an altogether new phase in its progress. This opinion has overtaken most of those followers of the Movement who have been a source of immense strength to us during the past years. And consequently there has also been evinced a sort of indifference towards the movement. The reason for this attitude is that the Movement has begun to meddle in matters economic and political and has therefore begun to incur the opposition and enmity of the Powers that be and that such a position would spell disaster both to the movement and to the followers. Some of them therefore prefer to keep out of it. Their only ground of objection seems to be the possible displeasure and enmity of the Government and nothing else. And that is indeed a matter of pleasure to me.

Now what is meant by 'social progress'? What kind of social progress are we to attend to? Does the social progress of mankind consist merely in bathing, putting on caste marks, reading Puranas, and making pilgrimages to temples and tanks? Or does it consist in the abolition of caste differences, and in the construction of schools and choultries? History tells us that such a kind of reform has been attempted during the past thousands of years. We also learn that to support such a kind of reform countless Mahatmas, Rishis, Sages, incarnations of God, and prophets have appeared in this world and flooded us with innumerable sanctions and scriptural authorities which bear the authorship of the Almighty Himself. And we further observe how for this purpose the world and humanity have been divided into countries, religions castes and communities, how innumerable places of religious preachers preceptors, Madathipathis etc., have been created by them. But I ask you what good, what tangible benefit has accrued to humanity as a result of all these institutions?

If you compare the present day society with that of 2000 or 3000 years ago, what changes and what improvements do you observe to-day? The same tyranny, the same poverty and sweating labour, the same slave-mentality and mental pain which characterised the olden times still continue to-day. The same old distinctions between the high-caste and low caste, between the rich and the poor, the Brahmin and the Chandala and the suppression of womanhood which obtained in those halcyon days of Rama and Harischandra still continue to-day. Is there not to-day the habit of covering up woman's body as though she were a tamboor or a pillow? Is there not to-day the habit of selling and purchasing and enslaving women? Are there not different standards of morality and different laws between men and women? Does not the custom of untouchability, unseeability and unapproachability obtain even to-day? Are there not to-day in our society men who sumptuously feed four and six times a day as a reward for their idleness on the one hand and millions of people who hardly find it possible to even taste a single meal a day in spite of ten and twelve hours of labour on the other? And I ask you to think for a moment if all these are not being maintained as the religious practices, God's Command and Government's law.

If any one pretends to any honesty in his political activities, is he not bound in honour to destroy all these evils that abound in our society today? When you say human society no religionist, no nationalist or no member of any community can be excluded from it, for we find these tyrannies permeating every country, every Government and every religion in the world. Some may say that there is no untouchability and unseeability in their religion. But untouchability is not based on any religion. It is based on a principle. And that principle is that one must work and earn and another should idle and live comfortable on the other's earnings.

For example what is meant by a pariah? It means a man who must always work and labour hard. And what is a Brahmin? He is one who should never do physical labour. Have you ever seen a Brahmin doing the work of a porter, a scavenger, dragger of cart or a peon? Or have you seen a Brahmin woman doing the field work or household menial work? This is the difference of Castes. And what society what country and what religion does not contain such differences? Are we not therefore to strike at the root of this pernicious principle of a few enjoying at the cost of many?

Without working in the fields of economic and political activities how could real reform be possible? Are not economics as much as politics indispensable to a society? If our movement wanted to do anything to the exclusion of these two fields there is no need for such a movement at all. If the work of the Self-Respect Movement simply consisted in ridiculing and exposing the absurdities of the Puranas and in abusing the Brahmins then I for one would prefer the utter extinction of such a movement.

Some are labouring under the impression that it is an offence even to talk of political and economic iniquities. But this is mere cowardice. Such a cowardly mind can do nothing in the world. I do not for a moment exhort you to beat or to shoot at to stab or to throw bomb on any one for the sake of such political and economic evils. For the purpose of abolishing caste differences how many persons have we shot at, stabbed or even beaten? None. Simply by speaking out the truth boldly and uncompromisingly, have we not revolutionised the minds and feelings of the public? Have we not made, by simple propaganda a Gandhi to embark on a fast to-day—a Gandhi who once said that we can remove untouchability after the advent of Swaraj? How much has the Brahmin domination has subsided within the past four or five years due to our fearless and ferocious propaganda against them? But because we did not curb even then the power and insolence of plutacracy it has now commenced to raise its head and do mischief. And now it has dared to help the Brahmin domination. If therefore we boldly and fearlessly enter into the economic field and expose the tyranny of the rich we would not only have rung the death-knell of the rich but would have lessened the economic ills considerably. When we talk of the economic inequality and political matters connected with it cowards and selfish men begin to think of Russia. It is nothing but folly to do so Our politics are neither worse nor more foolish than the politics of some who shout from the housetops that alien rule is an unmixed evil and therefore all the Britishers must leave the country. We do not ask anyone to quit our country because he is a foreigner, nor do we desire to destroy any rule because it is an alien rule

But what we plead for is the replacement of a state that is thoroughlg capitalistic by one which favours the prolitariat. For the percentage of the working population in the world is 90 p.c. The rest of 10 p. c. are mere idlers who live on the earnings of the others. Therefore we want that the Government should be by that 90 p.c. for their own benefit and good. What is the wrong in it? Why should this task prove impossible? If this is called as treason or as class hatred are we to be scared away by this? Come what may, nothing will be lost unto us. If a community is doomed to the miserable existence of living and working all their lives for the sake of a few, what is lost by the destruction of that community itself? It is only the idle that must feel sorry for this. If the sheep and goats live entirely for the good of the butcher, why not as well the whole species be extinct?

Let us take the Tanjore District for example. The whole of the cauvery yields its water almost entirely to that district. Everywhere there are wet-lands. The Municipalities, District Board and Taluk Boards are in the hands of the public. But what is the use of it all? Some rob the people, some own 1000, 5000 and 10000 acres of land. Not only men but even temples and muts possess innumerable such acres of land Millions of rupees are being wasted upon the festivals and processions of the gods in this district.

And yet the majority of the miserable coolies doing manual work in Penang, Singapore, Mauritius and Fiji etc., belong to Tanjore district. There is no want of choultries and Sanskrit Colleges in that district. What is its significance? Millions of poor manual labourers leave their hearth and home, and work hard like bulls and buffaloes and even then find it difficult to maintain themselves and their family while at the same time thousands of idling specimens of humanity fatten themselves by feeding on the income of the choultries, thousands more of mirasdars enjoy moonlight dinners and music parties and dances and the more heinous Madathipathies revel in princely luxuries of eating and drinking. Is this a tolerable state of affairs, I ask.

How many more districts, more provinces and more nations like this exist? If we take the case of our native princes, most of them waste about 90 p. c. of their states' income over their own personal luxuries, in parties and in horse races.

If in spite of all these facilities, only 12 p. c. of the population is literate and that too amongst the Brahmins and the wealthy, how can we ever refrain from talking about this rule and this society?

## LETTER TO THE EDITOR

### JOURNALISTIC ETIQUETTE

Sir,—The "Hindu" in its issue of the 1st inst., has published what it is pleased to call as a "review" of my book entitled "Nabikal Nayaka Manmium" which is not only highly controversial in character but bristles with all sorts of personal attacks against me. The reviewer, one Mr. Mhd. Hussain Nainar whose credentials to 'review' religious books and to pose himself as a critic are yet to be known, has deemed it fit to obtain a copy of my book, in my absence, from my office and in the guise of reviewing the book has used it as a target to attack me and to question my qualifications and my Tamil Style. I took no notice of the reprehensible personal attack, but wrote to the Editor, "Hindu" pointing out the "serious blemishes" in the review and requested him to be fair to me and publish my reply. But the "Hindu" has flatly declined to accede to my request on the plea that "we are unable to make use of your communication as it is against our practice to permit discussions of reviews that appear in our paper.' This denial of elementary justice to me raises what I conceive to be a first class issue of Journalistic Etiquette.

If it is the custom of the "Hindu" that it will permit and encourage in its paper all sorts of misleading, unfair and undignified reviews and deny the right of reply to the aggrieved authors, all that I can say is that it is time that it revises its code of journalistic morality. Without going into the merits of controversy

(Continued on page 7)

## NOTICE

All contributions and articles should be addressed to the Editor, the "Sunday Observer."

Contributions should be written only on one side of the paper. Those who desire the return of their articles in case of non-publication should send a stamped and addressed envelope.

All communications addressed to the Editor should bear the name and address of the writer for authentication.

Contributors are requested to be brief and to the point, owing to the limitation of space.

All cash remittances may kindly be made to the address of the manager.

EDITOR



# THE SUNDAY OBSERVER

**Stand upright; speak thy thought; declare**
**The truth thou hast that all may share;**
**Be bold, proclaim it everywhere;**
**They only live who dare.**

**SUNDAY, MAY 21, 1933.**


## REPLY TO "CHRONICLE'S" LIE

LAST SUNDAY THE "Chronicle" has written a lengthy leaderette under the caption "Leave them alone." We have gone through the whole leaderette as carefully as possible and we are surprised at the audacity of the "Chronicle" in telling the lie that there is a Ministerial crisis very soon. We take this opportunity of telling our contemporary that it will not realise its expectations and the speculations it indulges in will prove fruitless. The rumour that there is a split in the Justice Party over the question of leadership is baseless. To a representative of this paper the Hon'ble Mr. Rajan emphatically denied the rumour that there is any differences of opinion between himself and the Chief Minister. He further assured our representative that there exists between himself and the Leader of the Party, the Hon'ble the Raja of Bobbili, perfect cordiality and that he has the fullest confidence in the Leader. There could be no question of Tamilian or Andhra as regards leadership, he assured him, so long as a gentleman of the type of the Rajah of Bobbili is at the helm of affairs. As for the suggestion that the Chief Minister was frightened by the supposed defiant attitude of the Tamilians, we wish to tell our contemporary that there was nothing to be frightened at, and even if there was anything, the Rajah Saheb of Bobbili is not the person to get nervous and seek the 'Chronicle" gang's support. But one thing frightened us very much. That is, when the 'Chronicle" wrote in a pontifical tone "Leave them alone," we thought the Justice Party was doomed, because the pronouncement of a journalist of the type of the purdha editor of the "Chronicle" is so weighty that everybody would leave the Justicites alone, and the latter have only to search for holes to hide themselves from infamy and disgrace. Therefore, we in all humility, pray that our contemporary may be pleased to reconsider its decision, and not to leave the Justicities alone.

We do not want to write at length in reply to the "Chronicle's" tissue of falsehoods, because we feel that the Party can afford to ignore the attacks of the Billingsgate rag that goes by the name of "The Sunday Chronicle." We are not a little surprised when it speaks in a patronising manner of the Congress. It says that Democrats and Nationalists would any day prefer joining the Congress to associating with the Justice Party. Well, the Justice Party, the Chronicle can take it from us, will not have anything to do with men whose political antecedents were nothing but disgraceful and whose political creed is opportunism. As for the Congress, the Justice Party would like to fight it out as an honest foe. It has regard for the Congress for its straightforward policy, but it has absolute contempt for those who style themselves Nationalists and Democrats, because they have proved to the world, by their activities, that their only aim is the advancement of their selfish ends. The public will remember how these so-called Nationalists and Democrats have deserted the Congress at a time when they required their services and attacked the Congress in a mean manner. Who does not remember the role played by Dr. Subbaroyan as Chief Minister? Did he not support the Government when he was Chief Minister in their repressive policy? Do not the public know that Mr. Muniswami Naidu became a "Democrat" because he lost his Ministership? These are the men who want to play the role of Democrats and Nationalists. Oh Heavens! save Democracy and Nationalism from these people! The most surprising statement in the "Chronicle" is that the Congress has strayed at times from the right path. May we know which is the right path? Is job hunting the right path? Is self-aggrandisement the right path? Is opportunism the right path? If that is the right path, surely the Congress has strayed from the right path. However much the "Chronicle" may flatter itself by the happy thought that its gang will be taken into the Congressfold during the time of the next elections, we are certain that the Congress will not allow itself to be degraded by including in its ranks men of bad character and men of no character. We can assure the Patter's Road prattler that the Justice Party will grow from strength to strength, and it will come out triumphantly in the next elections. But what about the loose and incoherent Opposition group in the Legislative Council? They will naturally find their level ultimately as water finds its level.

## THE CONVENTION

A BATTLE-ROYAL IS BEING waged between two newspapers in Madras on the true meaning of a Tamil handbill. We are not concerned with the wording of the handbill or its meaning, but with the subject-matter of it. The matter refers to the Corporation convention that the Presidentship, now the Mayoralty, should go by a system of alternate rotation to members of all communities. It was *The Madras Mail* which set the ball rolling, when a member of the Corporation was elected who was not to the liking of the Anglo-Indian contemporary. It had also an ulterior motive in suggesting the need for a convention. As things stood at present, even if centuries pass by, there was no possibility of a European Councillor occupying the Chair of the City Council. Therefore, said the *Mail*, let us have a convention. The Corporation Councillors, particularly Justice Party Councillors, fell into the trap. A convention was hammered out, and the *Mail* patted itself on the back on its splendid camouflage. For, camouflage it was, to say that there should be no election, because there was the "ugly spectacle" of canvassing and manoeuvring. Are there not "ugly spectacles" in Municipal, Local Board, Legislative Council Assembly and Council of State elections wherein canvassing is carried on by all means, fair, foul and foolish, and manoeuvrings of the worst type perpetrated in the name of democracy. Why not have a convention in each one of these elections and avoid the unnecessary mental worry for the canvassers and the canvassed? The idea is as absurd as it is stupid. Democracy implies and involves canvassing, voting and election—the choice of a man who has the confidence of the largest number. To seek to stifle it by a convention is undemocratic. It may be that in Bombay they may have a convention. It is possible that in London there may be some such arrangement. It is likely that in Timbuctoo they may have a similar mutual agreement. Why on earth Madras should follow them in this senseless practice? Simply because the Anglo-Indian organ has said it, why should all the councillors simply grin and say that the convention will introduce Utopia in the Corporation? Is this slave-mentality or inferiority complex?

Has the convention worked allright? Has it not defeated the very purpose which it was sought to serve? Even in the very first election to the Presidentship, the convention was broken. Two candidates from the same community contested the Presidentship—Mr. T. S. Ramaswami Iyer and Mr. G. A. Natesan. There was the same vigorous canvassing and manoeuvring witnessed as in the years previous. The only difference was that a regular election was held within closed doors, instead of in the open House before the large number of ratepayers. But the result of the secret election was published in the newspapers! In the open election, Mr. Ramaswami Iyer was stated to be *unanimously* elected to the Chair, and the convention was said to have been rigidly adhered to. Such humbug, hypocrisy and self deception it is difficult to conceive of.

We do not want to gloss over facts or polish the ugliness of the convention. We hate the convention from the bottom of our hearts and denounce it at the top of our voice. It is a sham and a mockery. It is senseless and unintelligent. It is against the principle of democracy, and it deprives civic politics of its yearly interest and glamour. What does it matter if the majority group always has in the Chair one of its members? Is it not the very essence of democratic rule? Why should not the Corporation have as its President or Mayor one in whom the majority of the councillors have got confidence? The *Mail* has its own axe to grind, and it is having its way. Instead of the Corporation Councillors, it has become the dictator of Madras City. But even that paper is not satisfied at the way in which the convention has worked. The fact is the convention is dead. It was dead even before it was born. The very first election has proved that. The only thing that is now required is not to worship a dead corpse, but to give it a decent burial.

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Secunderabad, May 20.

Pandemonium prevailed last night at a Sanatanist meeting in Lala Temple, when Pandit Umasastry was addressing a large gathering on untouchability.

A small section of the audience consisting of untouchables strongly resented the speaker's reference to them as "Chandalas" and demanded its withdrawal. The speaker declined, whereupon, after exchange of hot words, the untouchables stormed the dais switched off the lights, and in the ensuing panic, compelled the speaker, the Chairman of the meeting and the audience to flee for their lives.

Trouble began when the speaker denounced Mr. Gandhi's activities in Harijan cause as a wrong lead to the country and as against all teachings of the Sanathana Dharma.—A. P.

## TALK ON THE HILLS

**(BY NEWSMONGER)**

A few days ago a Tamil local newspaper which is supposed to be the organ of the Nationalists but which in fact is the organ of the Zamindar of Chunampet has published news of a sensational character, in that it gave out to its readers the rumour of a split supposed to have occurred in the ranks of the Justice Party over the question of leadership. Whether the leader of the Party should be an Andhra or a Tamilian was the question that was supposed to have been discussed at the residence of the Hon'ble Mr. Shunmukham at Ootacamund. This has naturally roused my curiosity and when I went to Ootacamund on Tuesday, I wanted to find out whether there was any truth in the news that was given to the world about the split in the Justice Party on which the 'Sunday Chronicle" grew eloquent and made a lengthy comment. On arrival at Ootacamund the first gentleman I met was happily a brother journalist. I asked him whether he was aware of any split in the Justice Party. He shrugged his shoulders and said. "Well, I am not aware of any split in the Justice Party, but I am aware of the anxiety of the Leader of the Opposition to get into office somehow or other, but poor fellow he does not know how to get in. Except this, I am not aware of any other news. I find that there exists perfect cordiality among all the members of the Party." This is the version of a gentleman who cannot be suspected of showing partiality towards the Justice Party or its members.

* * * *

I find the weather in Ootacamund simply beautiful. Surely, it is the climate that attracts most people to this Hill station. I find many racegoers also assembled in Ooty, who have double attraction. The one is climate, the other is races. Whether these race-goers make money is a question to which an affirmative answer cannot be got definitely. Here the special feature is that all people assemble in the Botanical Gardens to chat and walk in that cool and brazing weather. I have also proceeded to the Botanical Gardens and I met on my way a gang of elderly politicians who were talking on all and sundry matters. Mr. T.R. Venkatarama Sastriar was in his first-class tweed suits and he was walking briskly and energetically cutting jokes at others. It is for the first time I came to know that Mr. Sastriar was such a jolly and jovial gentleman. Whatever prejudice I had against him has disappeared.

* * * *

As I went up further I met the Hon'ble Mr. Shunmukham walking in the Botanical Gardens with his friends. I asked him whether it was a fact that his residence was the hot-bed of a conspiracy. He was aghast at my question and asked what was the meaning of it. When I drew his attention to the news that was published in the "India" regarding a split supposed to have occurred in the Party, he said "Look here, my friend, it is a cent per cent black lie. There was no meeting of any sort at my residence and I wonder how "India" could have published such a lie as that. How it got that news I wonder? Whoever has supplied news to "India" must be a very unscrupulous and mischievous person indeed. I have not been interesting myself in the local politics. Further, there can be no dissatisfaction in any quarter whether Tamilian or Kerala or Andhra or Canarese so long as a gentleman happens to be at the helm of affairs. The Rajah Saheb of Bobbili is a gentleman of whom every

(Continued on first colu...

# Ultimatum to Maharajah of Alwar

## TWO ALTERNATIVES OFFERED

### QUIT THE STATE FOR 2 YEARS

### OR ACCEPT COMMISSION OF ENQUIRY

### MAHARAJAH TO LEAVE ALWAR ON MONDAY

(Associated Press)

New Delhi, May. 20.

"The Hindustan Times" understands that Colonel Ogilvie, Agent to the Governor-General, Rajaputana States, has advised the Maharaja of Alwar to choose between one of two following courses (1) to quit Alwar for two years (2) to accept a Commission of Enquiry to investigate into the condition of Alwar which has been causing excitement within the state and much concern outside.

#### DIFFERENCES OF OPINION WITH BRITISH AUTHORITY

##### REVENUE COLLECTION AND REMISSION OF TAXATION

(Associated Press)

Simla, May 20.

It is understood the Maharaja of Alwar is leaving the State on Monday for Mount Abu, whereafter he is likely to go abroad for a year or two.

The latest report shows the internal administration of his State had taken an acute turn, owing to differences of opinion between the Maharaja and British authority, on the question of administration, particulary relating to revenue collection and remission of taxation in the last cold weather.

The question of finance has been causing anxiety as the Treasury was depleted and the collection of revenue was slow. Apparently all attempts by the Maharaja to raise loans privately were unsuccessful, and the Government of India informed him that, if they were to lend financial help, they would insist that the Maharaja should fix his privy purse between two and three lakhs annually.

#### NO OFFICIAL STATEMENT

##### MAHARAJAHS VISIT VICEROY

(Associated Press.)

Simla May 20.

The Maharajas of Patiala and Dholpur visited the Viceroy this week probably in connection with Alwar situation. Enquiries made show that Government of India is not in a position to make any statement at this stage.

#### LIKELY TO GO ABROAD

(Associated Press)

Simla May 20.

A Delhi message states that the Maharaja of Alwar is leaving the State on Monday for Mount Abu from where he is expected to go abroad for a year or two.

(Continued from last column)

one has absolute regard and in whom every one of the members of the Party has fullest confidence. You can contradict any such rumour most emphatically and you have my authority." I thanked him for the kind manner in which he replied to my query.

• • •

As I was walking up further, I met another high-placed gentleman who has admission into the conclaves of the Justice Party, and I asked that gentleman about the relationship that subsists between the Tamil Ministers and the Rajah Saheb of Bobbili. He asked me why I was putting that question. I informed him of the news of "India" and the comments of the "Sunday Chronicle." He laughed and asked me not to worry myself about the question of Tamil versus Andhra. He asked me to treat the news given by "India" and the comments of the "Sunday Chronicle" with absolute contempt. He assured me that brotherly feeling subsists between the Hon'ble the Raja of Bobbili, the Hon'ble Mr. Rajan and the Hon'ble Mr. Reddiyar. No amount of mischievous news of the nature published in the press will create any kind of differences in the ranks of the Party.

• • • •

As I was talking to a prominent member of the Justice Party I drew his attention to the remarks of Mr. Satyamurti regarding the Justice Party. He said Mr. Satyamurti did not understand the meaning of "Communalism." "The Justice Party is not communal in any sense, because it does not exclude any member of any community from becoming a member of the Party. There are Christians, Muhammadans etc. in the Party as members. If it did not admit Brahmins it does not amount to exclusion of a community, for Brahmins do not form a community by themselves. They are a section of the Hindu community. Therefore, it can be clearly seen that the Justice Party has not excluded from its membership any particular community. If the Brahmins are excluded, it is because the members of the Party felt that the inclusion of the Brahmins into the Party would both be dangerous and unfair—dangerous because Brahmins as a class have earned an unparalleled notoriety for low cunning and mean intriguing, unfair because the Party had to fight against the monopoly of the Brahmin. It is for this expediency that the Brahmin is excluded from the membership of the Party. By the mere fact that Brahmins are excluded from the membership of the Party, it cannot become communal. On the other hand, the Justice Party has set its face against communalism from the very start. Communalism is that which is practised by a single community for its self-aggrandisement. The Justice Party cannot be placed under that category. It has preached from the very beginning that every community should be given its share of representation in the administration without which there cannot be a proper and sound administration. This does not certainly amount to preaching communalism. Let my friend Mr. Satyamurti refresh his memory and say which is communalism and which is not. I can assure Mr. Satyamurti that the Ministers are one with the Government in deploring the growth of communalism. The Justice Party as a Party loathes communalism. Finally, I wish to assure my friend Mr. Satyamurti that the Justice Party has a political programme. If he doubts it, let him read the creed of the Justice Party, which is to attain Swaraj by all peaceful, legitimate and constitutional means. And I don't think there is any difference between the creed of the Justice Party and any other party."

## 13TH DAY OF THE FAST

### GANDHIJI'S INCREASING WEAKNESS

### GENERAL CONDITION SATISFACTORY

### SPRING WATER REPLACES VICHY WATER

(Associated Press)

Poona, May, 20.

The following official bulletin has been issued this evening:—

"Excepting for the natural daily increase in the weakness, Mr. Gandhi's condition continues to be satisfactory. He spent a peaceful day.

At Mr. Gandhi's desire, arrangements have been made to bring natural spring water from Singhgadh Hill station near Poona. It is proposed that this should replace Vichy water, if found suitable.

#### FREE FROM NAUSEA

##### GANDHIJI LIKES NEW SPRING WATER

(Associated Press)

Poona, May 20

Mr. Gandhi spent another comfortable day today, completely free from attacks of nausea. Since this evening, he has been drinking natural spring water brought from Sinhgadh, a Hill Station 18 miles off Poona with full historical associations. It is stated that Mr. Gandhi likes the new water immensely and therefore, it has been decided to replace Vichy water with this new water.

He is so pleased with this spring water that he told Dr. B. C. Roy, "Don't tempt me to take any other water. I like it for two reasons, namely first it is sweeter and nicer than Vichy water and secondly Sinhgadh reminds of Shivaji's and Lokamanya's associations with the place. Soda carbonate is mixed with the water.

#### SAROJINI DEVI'S APPEAL

##### SYMPATHETIC FASTS SHOULD BE DISCONTINUED

(Associated Press)

Poona, May 20.

In connection with the telegraphic appeal sent by Mr. Gandhi to Mr. Senapathi Bapat asking him to discontinue his fast, Mrs. Sarojini Naidu has issued the following general appeal:—

"May I take this occasion to appeal to all known and unknown friends, who are now observing sympathetic fasts, to accept Mr. Gandhi's appeal to Mr. Senapathi Bapat of Ratnagiri Jail as addressed to them also. It is not advisable for us, in the present state of health, to acquaint him with all ordeals undertaken by others out of love and reverence for him. But, I knew it is his desire that all such fasts should be discontinued immediately. May I plead with them to co-operate with us by breaking their fasts, and so saving him from every additional cause for mental strain or suffering."

#### AT THE GATE OF "PARNAKUTI"

Shortly after issuing the above appeal, Mrs. Naidu tackled, successfully a case of sympathetic fast at the outer gate of "Parnakuti." A Sadhu from Rao Bareilly (mentioned yesterday) who had been waiting for *dharshan* of Mr. Gandhi was summoned by her and persuaded to take milk and fruits. She however assured him that he would be allowed to have a *dharshan* of Mr. Gandhi after the latter broke the fast. The Shadu has decided to take up residence at the fort of "Parnakuti" Hill till then.

#### SYMPATHETIC FAST IN RATNAGIRI

##### GANDHIJI'S TELEGRAM TO Mr. SENAPATHI BAPAT

(Associated Press.)

Poona, May 20.

Mr. Gandhi has telegraphed to Mr. Senapathi Bapat who is on a sympathetic fast since 8th May in Ratnagiri Jail, urging him to give up his fast. Since it became known that Mr. Bapat's condition was getting serious Mr. Gandhi's associates had been discussing as to how best to dissuade Mr. Bapat from the fast. Today, Mrs. Naidu made bold to acquaint Mr. Gandhi with the situation. Mr. Gandhi to whom this was news immediately dictated the following telegram: "Just heard about your fast, deeply touched but plead with you to discontinue the fast. Let God have His will with me. It will be a great comfort to me, if you will listen to me. Please reply".

In this connection, Mr. C. Rajagopalachari, in his individual capacity, had sent the following telegram earlier.

"Doctors advise no problem should now be presented to Gandhiji. Hence I make a hold myself to earnestly plead with you. Gandhiji is doing extraordinarily well. All doctors are satisfied. Prayers of the nation as well as yourself have been heard. Pray don't immolate yourself, but offer thanks to God and break the fast.

#### SYMPATHETIC FAST AT KHULNA

##### MAHESH CHANDRA DUTTA TAKING TULSI RASAM

(Associated Press)

Khulna, May 20.

Mahesh Chandra Dutta (70) is still fasting in sympathy with Mr. Gandhi. He is cheerful though extremely weak and was yesterday noticed explaining the significance of Mr. Gandhi's fast to local Harijan. He takes a few drops of *Tulasi Ras* (liquid extracts of osimum sanctum).

##### M. D. LEAVES FOR SABARMATI

Poona, May 20

Mr. Mahadev Desai left this afternoon for Sabarmati Ashram in connection, it is understood, with Ashram affairs. He is expected to be back before the end of the fast.

#### LETTER TO THE EDITOR

(Continued from page 5)

raised by the so-called review published in the "Hindu," I say that when the ignorant reviewer and the polimical critic goes out of his way and indulges in the dirty habit of blackmailing an author, it is clearly the duty of the paper, which permits the attack, to find some space for a reply from the much maligned author. Not to do this, while it is the every day journalistic practice to publish corrections for news items and reply to attacks, would be to imitate the tactics of the Yellow Jingoistic press of hitting below the belt and be guilty of *suppressio veri* and suggestio falsi. I can afford to treat the antics of the "Hindu" critic with the utter contempt they deserve and can safely challenge anybody to disprove even a single syllable of any of my assertions in my book but I feel it my duty to bring to the notice of the public how the "Hindu" is distributing its favours and patronage and allows and encourages incognitoes to attack with immunity in the dark well known authors and publicists without affording them a right of reply.

Yours sincerely,
HAFIZ MD. YUSUF.

## Short Story

### SHABBY

The steps of the shabbily-dressed man slowed as he entered the Park. He peered ahead, nervously. Yes, there she was, sitting in her usual seat, staring hungry-eyed at the stream of brilliantly-dressed people parading before her. She was always like that, greedy for smartness, luxury, rich living—all that aspect of life.

To-day, though, she did not irritate him.

He was tired and dejected. He was feeling his loneliness and his forty-five years. Life seemed a very wretched business, and he felt she must feel like that, too, though she was several years younger.

Poor Emma, with her unfulfilled longings, with all her dreams frustrated and life stretching more and more emptily before her. After all, they had their ties and obligations. However life had treated them they ought to see it out together—and time might have softened her, too. Perhaps they could make a better ending of life than their beginning.

He decided that he would speak to her to-day.

She looked up at him tight-mouthed and wary as he spoke her name.

"Yes," she said. "I thought it was you."

"You knew me all the time?" he said, surprised, for she had shown only blank indifference as he had passed and repassed her during the last four days.

"It wasn't easy—except for the clothes," her eyes scorned his shabbiness. "And, of course, I knew you would go this way."

"What way?"

"Oh, you never had any go or guts," she sniffed. "That's why I got my divorce."

"I guessed that," he said, "They served the papers on me in Western Canada. I was sorry—and I was in a difficult position at the time, and couldn't——"

"I'll bet you were. You were born to it," she sneered. "But I was well out of it. A girl must look after herself."

"Have you looked after yourself so well?" he asked. Her clothes were smart but cheap. She had on the whole, a spinster boarding-house air.

"Don't *you* worry," she flared, tartly. "I've had a bang-sight better time than I had tred to you. A woman who has any life in her knows how to find brightness and snap."

"This sort of thing," he said, nodding towards the fashionable throng, the glamour of rich dresses, the shine and purr of great cars.

"Well, it's something. It's what I like," she said, defiantly.

"Don't you want something deeper, more satisfying?"

"I see you aren't cured of that old sentimental rubbish," she jeered. "And what good has it done *you*? Keep it to yourself, anyhow—I'm satisfied as I am."

"But this—it's only looking at it, not belonging to it," he began, but she snapped him short.

"And who's fault's that? If you'd been half the man I thought you were, you'd have put me among that crowd—where I wanted to be. You and your dreams—fooling a girl."

"They weren't such bad dreams, Emma. We weren't so unhappy dreaming when you and I were young and beginning. Couldn't we——"

"None of *that*!" she rapped, and as he stared nonplussed, "I guessed *that* was your game directly I saw you were making a habit of this sneaking around."

"What do you mean—game?" he asked, embarrassed.

"Am I such an innocent?" she scoffed. "Come, Jim Pitman, you don't try any of those tricks on *me*. That three thousand's mine, and you don't touch a penny of it."

He blinked at her. Her words were like a blow in the face. He had left £3,000, three-quarters of his capital, with her when, finding he was at a deadend in England, he had gone to Canada to try his luck there. Of course, he had meant it to be for her keep and so forth until he could provide more—but he had never expected her to take the lot of it like this.

"The money I left you was for ——" he began, but again she cut him short shrewishly.

"The money you *made over* to me, banked in my name and all that. . . . I hold it was mine and you'll find the law will uphold me. It was little enough, in any case, for a girl who had a right to expect bigger things," her eyes turned to the fashionable throng, and the petulance that had made the last years of their marriage so difficult leapt out. "If you'd had the go you pretended you'd have given me what you knew I had a right to. As it is, you owed that £3,000 to me morally as well as legally, and what is more, Jim Pitman, no sort of trying to creep back is going to help you to it. You'd better understand that flat before you start whining."

He looked at her, his lips twisted wryly.

"You don't believe in our sharing, then?"

"I do *not*! That money is my own, invested in my name and bringing me in enough to keep me comfortably. You robbed me of my proper sphere, but you'll rob me of no more. If you're down, that's your look out. And it's no more than I expected, anyhow, you being the softy you are. You've only yourself to blame and you can't expect any help from me."

"Not even if——" he sighed.

"That's enough," she interrupted again. "I only let you talk to me to-day because I saw what you were after—all for making it up and coming together again, and that stuff, wasn't it? I see by your face it was. But it's not going to happen, Jim Pitman. I'm not the sort that shares with a fool, and I made up my mind that the earlier you knew it the better."

"That's your final decision?"

"Absolutely," she told him. "I don't want anything more to do with you, or even to see your face or your shabby clothes again!"

The shabby man hesitated, saw implacable antagonism in her face, sighed, and lifted his hat. He walked to the Park gate, and his step was noticeably brisker—after all, a sense of duty can run counter with one's inclinations.

He hailed a taxi when he reached Piccadilly and ordered it to take him to the Midas-Ritz Hotel.

In the glittering foyer of that Mecca of the immensely wealthy, as Emma herself had once longingly named it, Jim Pitman walked up to the reception desk.

"I'll be giving up my suite on Saturday," he said to the slightly awed clerk. "I'm returning to America. Yes, and 'phone the Black Star people—tell them I'm taking the Imperial apartments on the *Clausentum*."

He walked across to the gilded elevators, where bell-boys and lift-men hastened to usher him in. It was almost a royal progress. The reception clerk who had watched him, turned grinning to the telephone girl.

"Did you hear him? *Tell* them I'm taking the Imperial apartments on the *Clausentum* No asking for'em—just telling 'em'. An'he'll get them, too. That's what being J. Garnet Pitman, millionaire, means." He grinned again. "And did you twig his clothes? Regular old tramp. I guess only a millionaire could get away with a suit like that"

"He must be awful rich," the telephone girl sighed. "Even though he dresses like that an' you never hear much of him."

"Rich," scoffed the reception clerk. "He's one of the really big men of America—the sort that usually does keep quiet about it. But I heard another rich American telling someone that Garnet Pitman had the finest house in New York, with all society ready to get inside it, only he's not given that way."

"What a man to have for a husband," the telephone girl sighed "He could give a girl every single thing she ever wanted"

"You bet," the reception clerk nodded. "Mrs. Pitman, if there is one, is one of *the* lucky women in the world."—(Douglas Newton in a British weekly).


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## HARDWAR

### A PILGRIMAGE

(BY STELLA MEAD)

"Every pilgrimage should spring from a wish in the heart," a charming old French lady said to me when she set off for Lourdes; "and if the fulfilment of the wish come as a blessed surprise, then the pilgrimage is indeed a happy one"

If this be true, my visit to Hardwar was crowned with the most favourable auspices. In Calcutta I had made enquiries about rail facilities to the Hardwar Mela, but the long distance, the increasing heat of the plains, and a crowded programme made me give up all idea of taking the journey. My wish must remain unfulfilled.

The miracle happened at Aligarh, where an arrangement in my programme had to be cancelled. I took the Punjab Mail to Delhi, and on my arrival there, late in the evening, I casually asked an official if there were any chance of getting a berth to Hardwar. Yes, the 97 E. I. R. was leaving shortly. It would reach Hardwar early next morning. I could spend the day there and return to Delhi during the night.

The getting of a berth on the crowded train was a *kunststuck* and half an hour later I was seen off in triumph by a railway official and the two coolies who had rushed my luggage into the cloakroom.

I have, fortunately or unfortunately, a gift for sleeping on trains. Do I not well remember that shrill cry of Bhubaneswar at 3 a.m, one morning, when I sprang on to the platform with my bedding in my arms and a coolie carrying an unstrapped case and miscellanea behind me? But on this occasion I was fortunate enough to waken at Lhaksar at about five o'clock in the morning, with an hour's run to Hardwar before me. There were sixty minutes of sheer delight, for the train passed through stretches of jungle lit up by the rising sun and the blossoming trees.

#### "THE GRAMPIANS"

A passenger on the window berth, a delightful Scotch girl, stirred and rubbed her eyes. I asked her if she could tell me the name of the ridge of blue mountain which had just appeared above the tree-tops. Her reply, sleepily given, amazed me. "The Grampians," she said. Only a German psycho-analyst could adequately deal with the complex suggested by that patriotic declaration.

At Hardwar I said good-bye to the young lady of the Grampians, and stepped on to a station which had been metamorphosed from an ordinary depot for the arrival and departure of passengers into something resembling a highly organised concentration camp.

The great object of attraction at Hardwar is the bathing ghat adjoining the temple of Gangadwara, known as the Hari-ka-charan, the ghat has its name from the *charan*, that is to say footprint, of the god Hari, or Vishnu, impressed on a stone in one of the walls. The cleansing from all sins is supposed to result from bathing in this sacred pool, and in past years many pilgrims have been trampled to death and drowned through the rush to plunge first into the pool at the propitious moment.

Every twelfth year multitudes of pilgrims go up for the Addha Kumbh Mela, and elaborate railway, lighting, and sanitary arrangements must be made.

I arrived on the morning following the great bathing day, when hundreds of thousands of pilgrims from the ends of India bathed in the ghat, and a wonderful elephant procession welcomed Pandit Malaviya. The place was crowded, and I was able to see the almost perfect organization which catered for the needs of four lakhs of pilgrims.

In order to deal with the constant coming and going of the third class mela special trains, four temporary platforms had been erected, with long passages leading to the principal routes taken by departing pilgrims. The great majority of the pilgrims had come from the United Provinces and the Punjab. Many of them were poor, illiterate people, unable to read printed directions. For their convenience a large symbol was posted at the entrance to each of the temporary passages, and the appropriate symbols were printed on the tickets issued to the passengers. A pilgrim returning to Lahore had only to look at the green ring on a brown line on his ticket, and then at the same symbol on the passage entrance leading to the Lahore direction. There were also special enclosures for the incoming passengers, and huge crowds were marshalled in perfect order.

The booking office arrangements were equally helpful. In the station compound there are seven octagonal-shaped well-constructed booking-offices which were erected for the Kumbh Mela in 1927. These, of course, are permanent. In addition, I saw that four temporary booking offices had been put up, and there were special barriers wherever particularly heavy booking was anticipated. The symbols placed at the direction passages were clearly shown above the booking offices. To whatever part of India a pilgrim wished to return, he could find his way at once to the appropriate booking-office.

There was no question of scheduled times for the departure of the special mela trains. A train simply steamed out as soon as it was filled up, and later in the day I saw how the Mela officers prevented any rush and over-crowding of trains.

They were greatly helped by the Volunteer Corps of the Shiva Samita Dal, whose members were dressed very much like boy Scouts. These youths assisted in the task of marshalling the crowds along the platform and helping to fill up the carriages one by one. Only the number of pilgrims estimated to fill the train were admitted on the platform.

At the junction of the platforms a high observation post has been erected and from his seat at the telephone table there one of the mela officials was able to detect at once any stampede or disturbance arising.

The coming together of such large crowds meant that special precautions must be taken to guard against disease. All these people must be suitably fed and housed, and their health specially cared for.

Many of them stay at the innumerable Dharum Salas free; at the many Serais a small charge is made. To make sure that no pilgrim with infectious disease is travelling there is supervision, and if necessary medical examination, at various junctions along the route. A woman showing symptoms of cholera was taken at once to the hospital. There are two permanent hospitals and seven temporary first-aid centres under the care of the Punjab Medical Officers.

As soon as a pilgrim train is emptied it is disinfected and thoroughly cleaned by the staff of sanitary workers. I inspected a number of these trains and they seemed to reek of soap and sanitary fluids. One looked at the spotless seats and felt they had been sanctified by a mela bath.

#### MELA IMPRESSIONS

It was still quite early in the day when I went down to the bathing ghat and watched the pilgrims as they bathed. Most of the pilgrims were women and the variety of their costumes alone was fascinating.

I gather that the menfolk, in these modern days, smile at much that is superstitious and outworn. But the womenfolk like to attend the melas and carry on the ancient customs. Is it not so in many lands? Who would attend the religious carnivals of Spain, and the feasts and fairs of France if their women did not importune the men? Besides, it is the opportunity for a holiday and a journey at a trivial cost. Third class railway fare in India is the cheapest in the world.

On the great bathing day it was mainly the women who poured their silver coins into the water, and even their precious jewels, as they chanted "Ganga mai ki jai!" "Praise be to Mother Ganges"

On the large island platform I saw crowds of people with their lotas filled with holy water; sadhus surrounded by their disciples, and little groups of people listening to the reading of some holy book. Along the waterside children from some school or institute were singing to the accompaniment of clapping hands and tapping feet, and begging alms for the poor.

I wandered back to the station, to find a cloud of sad obloquy resting upon many of the pilgrims there. A favourite pilgrimage is to Rikhikesh, to visit the famous Lakshman jhula, and to see the place where the two brothers of the epic, Rama and Lakshman, came for meditation after the slaying of the King of Ceylon. Day return tickets are issued to Rikhikesh at cheap rates and thousands of pilgrims buy them.

On the great bathing day a train returning from Rikhikesh had stopped outside the signals. Many of the pilgrims had detrained there and evaded the ticket collector. Next day return tickets to Rikhikesh were being sold in the bazzar for a few pice.

The victims, unable to read, did not know that their tickets bore the date of the previous day. In all innocence they presented them at the barrier. Some of them were passed through; but soon the trick was discovered and there followed a close scrutiny of all tickets and an on-the-spot panchayat. I could not help some secret amusement, remembering a similar piece of chicanery at a religious fair near an old-world town in Spain.

#### FAREWELL REFLECTIONS

I came away from the mela with a general impression of the courtesy and kindness of many Indian pilgrims with whom I came in contact; of the ignorance and superstition of the poor and humble; of the splendid efficiency of the plans made by the Mela officials, and of their being carried out with so much goodwill and lack of red tape.

I saw one of the busiest men on the staff, a Scotchman, stop to take an old blind pilgrim by the arm and lead him to the barrier towards which he was groping. The same Scotchman presented me with Good Friday buns sent from his home in a distant town. The Head of the Police Force allowed me to join an official tour up to the Jhula Lakshman, and while the inspection was going on I was able to visit the scenes of Rama's pilgrimage, and there, high among the Himalayas where the Ganges comes through the gorge, I talked with rishis in their lonely retreats.

One of the Indian officials, a Sikh gentleman, found time, at the end of a full day's duties, to take me to the Hari-ke-charan at the hour of the evening offerings to the Ganges.

Then I saw the loveliest picture of the day, the women putting little green cradles of sal leaves upon the water. They were filled with pink blossoms saturated with ghi. The women set alight three wicks embedded in the ghi, and soon the water was covered with such fairly-like craft-floating flowers and gleaming lights.

It was my last picture of the mela as I hurried back to the station, to eat my dinner in the Police-Inspector's tent and take my train back to Delhi.—(Statesman).

## MR. NOAH OF EASTER ISLAND

### STRANGE LEGEND OF MYSTERY ISLE

#### BIBLE STORY OF THE DELUGE IN ANOTHER FORM

Easter Island and its silent mystery have fired the imagination of mankind for the last half century. It stands alone in the ocean, about 2,000 miles distant from the mainland of South America, and is thought to be a last remnant of an ancient empire which flourished when the world was young, and the rest of which now lies beneath the Pacific.

When the present writer saw this place of past glory it was inhabited by about 200 natives who, according to themselves, came originally from elsewhere. The southerly end of the island resembled a vast graveyard in which the monuments had all fallen. Doubtless this was the chief quarrying ground of the ancient people, for many half-shaped images were still lying about. Round and underneath them were the excavations of various exploring parties.

In the face of a cliff fronting the sea was cut a series of designs—mostly of bird-like men—and hieroglyphics, and flanking a great terrace-way into the hills were the remnants of regularly placed statues.

#### WHEN THE ROCK MESSAGE IS READ

Some of the statues are over fifty feet in height, and must weigh about fifty or sixty tons. How they were transported from the quarries where they were chiselled is a question as puzzling as that of the building of the Egyptian Pyramids.

Up to the present no man has succeeded in reading the message of the rock writings of Easter Island, but the belief is prevalent throughout the Pacific that they will be read some day, and that, when their meaning is once made clear, the entire island will sink for ever.

Here is a legend told by Tahitians, Maoris, Tongans, and others which is supposed to refer to Easter Island, translated from the language of their priests and scholars:

"Long, long ago, when the god-men who were our fathers lived near the edge of the world over which the sun rises (the Andes of South America) the One Supreme God told them that the great wheel of time was nearing the completion of its first cycle, and that the world would be destroyed. But our fathers only laughed. Like the fluttering of pandanus leaves did their canoes cleave the deep! How could their world be destroyed?

#### CANOE AS ARK

"One of them, however, was of much knowledge and could read the stars even as others read stones. To him the Great God said: 'Write ye the story of man upon the cliff, then build ye a mighty canoe and fill it with the creatures that roam the earth. To your sons shall be given the new world which shall arise.'

"The great Pa" (that's the name given—and really it's not inappropriate for the "father" of a new world) "did even as he was told, and when he had built a mighty canoe lived therein with all who would come with him. After a long time the sky grew dark, the sun gave forth no light, the earth thundered and quaked and was torn apart, and the sea rushed over the land.

"The great canoe was carried away by a strange wind, and after many days of darkness sailed into a new world (supposed to be Tahiti) with a warmer sun. 'Stay ye here and set up my temple,' then spake the Great God. 'I have left but a monument to show for a time where the old world rested (Easter Island). When its message on the stone has been read it, too, will pass from the surface of the water.' Thus came we people (Polynesians) to the new world."

## JOURNALISM IN SCHOOLS

### AMERICAN METHODS

An American friend of mine once wrote to the registrar of a New York University and told him that he would like to take up a correspondence course in poerty, since he had a desire to become a poet like Shelley, Byron or Wordsworth. The letter was not replied to because that university could not guarantee that their correspondence course in poetry could ever recreate anyone made of common clay into an eminent poet, writes Mr. Nilkant Perumal in the *Hindu*. What in fact the 'course in poetry' teaches is how to compose a sonnet, a couplet or verse, to arrange the rhyme, to adjust the metre and other rules essential for poetical composition. A discussion on some of the immortal lines in English poetry is also offered to the student. Teaching journalism in American universities is also something akin to that, for, no one could ever assure to produce journalists of the type of Delane, Scott or Pulitzer after a few years' academic training. The American schools of journalism therefore teach only the general routine of work in newspaper offices and put into the students' head some ideas on journalistic ethics.

In the schools of journalism the subject taught include reporting, editorial writing, sub-editing, short story writing, cartooning,printing and engraving, advertising and business-management. There are also courses in circulation methods, newspaper library and history of English and American journalism. Each of these subjects are taught during two semesters with a working schedule of two or three hours a week. They are theoretically taught within class rooms but the students are also asked to do reporting, write editorials and sub-edit 'copy' for the college daily newspaper run by the students of journalism, in a few universities, mostly in the easter states.

The college daily newspaper is edited by the ablest student in the school of journalism. He is assisted by less meritorious students as sub-editors, news-editors and advertisement writers. These office-bearers receive a small allowance every month. A university professor also guides them in their work in a consultative capacity.

The students of journalism during their four years of training before graduation also study sociology, political science, psychology, history, economics and correct English as auxiliary courses. They are very useful in view of the fact that general knowledge contributes much more to the accomplishments of a journalist that the mere working knowledge of the press he gains from the school of journalism.

Examinations are held at the end of each semester. A student is asked to interview a professor on a given topic, write an editorial on a current affair or to draw an advertisement for a particular product. Sometimes examinations are done away with and the class work of the students will be counted to award them the necessary grades to establish their efficiency.

Although the graduates in journalism have some practical experience in all branches of newspaper work which they gain through the college newspaper, they generally start life as only cub-reporters and attain higher appointments in course of time. And universities which maintain schools of journalism, do help their graduates to obtain suitable positions through the University Employment Bureau.

#### WHEN EXPERTS DIFFER

Of late some of the ablest American editors have taken up cudgels against these schools of journalism. Mr. Stanley Walker, the brilliant young city editor of 'The New York Herald Tribune' writing in 'The American Mercury' some time ago observed that the 'newspaper had been demoralised by the increased mechanisation of news gathering by a flood of young and old from out of town (New York)—the hordes who come streaming every year from the schools of journalism.' And he proceeds to suggest that the glory will come to American journalism only if they 'tear down all schools of journalism and educate men in English history, literature, economics and foreign language, law or bee keeping.' Of all the folderols ever devised to disfigure a beautiful art, he wrote, 'the modern school of journalism is probably the worst. The schools have failed.... They have done more harm than good.' Mr. Walker's opinion is based on the fact that about seventy-five per cent of the journalism graduates do not show any originality or skill although they know the working of the newspaper thoroughly from A to Z.

Should the journalist after all need any training, it may be asked. Yes, it is useful. The late Lord Northcliffe thought so and founded a school in London which he left in charge of his faithful friend Sir Max Pemberton. Lord Riddel, the veteran writer, who holds the same opinion says: 'Like other professional men and women journalists must be trained. Many people imagine that the knack of writing is an adequate equipment for journalism. This is a complete delusion. A knowledge of several highly technical subjects is essential and these demand careful study.'

Thus leading journalists have different opinions about the usefulness of these schools of journalism. But in my own opinion I believe that any one aspiring to work in a newspaper would certainly do well if he had been through a school of journalism, although there is no need for 'writers to get any school training so long as they possess intelligence. In India, however our newspapers are still in their making and there is no constant demand for trained journalists as in the West. So there is no necessity to establish schools of journalism at present, in order to turn out a few young men every year as 'gentlemen of the press.' If we do we will find ourselves guilty of creating an army of unemployed pressmen. A thorough reorganization of the Indian press generally alone will welcome the necessity to have schools of journalism in India, if at all we should have them, not until then.


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## "UNITED WE STAND ..."

In a spirit of levity the great port of Colombo, one of the two or three key-ports of the world and the fifth greatest port of the world, was under the new Constitution handed over to Sinhalese control. This port is entirely the creation of British industry and capital. It lies right athwart the most important trade artery of the world and is as essential to international trade as the Suez of Panama canals. Yet its control was taken out of British hands by the British Government and handed over to Ceylon politicians (writes Lord Rothermere in the *Daily Mail*).

France, in the years of flabby sentimentalism which succeeded the Great War, ceded to the people of Syria a form of representative Government. Like the Government of Ceylon, it proved in the hands of the Syrian people entirely unworkable, and was used as a centre of anti-French intrigue and agitation. When this was manifest with that hard, practical common sense which distinguishes the French people, the new Government, without any delay or apology, was abolished.

Some such action will be necessary in Ceylon at an early date. Unlike the Syrians, who have been conquered by Arabs, Turks, and other warrior peoples, the Sinhalese have always been a subject people. During the last four centuries mere handfuls of armed Portuguese, Dutch, and English have occupied the island. Thirty-five per cent. of the population are not Sinhalese at all and rarely use the language.

In Ceylon there are four different languages, four different religions, and four different races. In India, so numerous are the languages, religions and races that you may almost multiply these figures a hundredfold. From the very beginning I have raised my voice, for what it is worth, against any proposals for the Government of India which would in effect replace the present Government of authority with a Government of talk.

#### GOVERNMENT BY TALK

The Indian proposals are simply proposals to govern by talk. They are in direct defiance of the whole trend of modern democratic movement. European peoples such as the German, Italian, Polish, and Portuguese ballot with full knowledge of the futility and folly of the ballot box. Politicians are turning from Government by talk to Government by authority. It will be a strange commentary on the Government's policy towards India if at the time of the promulgation of a new Constitution for that country they at the same time have to revoke the mushroom fraud iu Ceylon; and yet such a contingency, I venture to prophesy, may easily arise.

The Sinhalese politicians innocently think that they can hamper British enterprises here; favour Britain's trade rivals; exact something that looks like complete independence; and yet get the British people to defend Ceylon against foreign aggression. Not one single rupee is spent by Ceylon on armaments. Yet I am told the Sinhalese are fully aware that a couple of Japanese cruisers with a force of 2,000 men of Japan's mechanised army and three or four squadrons of aeroplanes could conquer an independent Ceylon overnight.

#### POLITICIANS' ILLUSIONS

The Indian politicians apparently are under the same illusions. They are now, however, showing concern as to what action the Indian Government will take should the frontiers of Japan's Empire on the continent of Asia approach the frontiers of our Indian Empire. They have a childlike belief in our folly. They envisage independence of the Empire, accompanied by full power to exclude all British goods and by the right to impose higher taxes on British businesses and people than are imposed on themselves. Yet they assume that at the moment of danger an over-taxed, hard-pressed Britain will rescue them from the menace of conquest by another Asiatic people.

The price of Empire is eternal vigilance. If we wish to maintain a British with anything like our old wealth and prestige the young men and women of our country must awaken from their condition of pathetic conteatment—to use the words of the late Mr. Montagu, whose appointment as Secretary of State for India was probably the most disastrous appointment ever made in British political history. Economic impulses and policies are now coming into play in all the great countries of Europe. Nations like France with overseas Empires are welding them into one economic whole. In following the same policy Britain will quickly restore prosperity to her harassed industries.

No British possessions such as India and Ceylon can stand alone without the powerful aid of Britain. They may within the next few years become the prey of aggressive nations who will make short work of their aspirations for economic and political independence. It is high time in our dealings with their peoples that realism, not sentimentalism, should be the guiding principle.

## RUSSIA'S SPRING SOWINGS

### MORE IMPORTANT THAN ANY OTHER THING

Moscow (by Mail)

The spring sowings now in progress in Russia are the "big story" in the Soviet newspapers.

"Izvestia," the Government organ, has more than 60 correspondents reporting in detail the progress of sowings on collective farms in addition to local correspondents. "Pravda," the Communist organ makes a similar provision. Altogether about 500 reporters have been sent from Moscow alone.

Soviet editors have cast overboard all ideas of "news" prevailing in the rest of the world. Matter published is judged not according to "readers' interest," but according to its usefulness to the Government. Thus, in reporting the spring sowings, newspapers publish materials which will help farmers in one region to avoid the mistakes made in other. Should one collective farm, say, repair its tractors efficiently, Moscow records the news with headlines which elsewhere would be reserved for a first-rate murder mystery.

A great importance is attached to the spring sowings inasmuch as upon the results depend the maintenance of food supplies, the political strength of Stalin's "dictatorship," and Russia's position in the world market.

## DOES GOD LIVE IN TEMPLE?

### TRUE GURU'S IDEAL OF WORSHIP

(BY ONE WHO FOUND HIM.)

Truth is one. But the ways of approach to it are many. Devotion, knowledge and service are the paths to the realisation of God.

It is said, 'The Hindu ideal of life is inaction. Things are to be taken as they come. It is all Karma. No worry. We are to tell our beads. Moksha (salvation) shall be ours.' This is ignorance, pure and simple. The fact is that action constitutes the bed-rock of Hinduism. Persons relying on fate and not performing right actions sink into lower and lower depths. They move in a vicious circle, without redemption.

A true Guru tells you that in our mad haste for individual liberation we are not to spurn our fellow-men; that in service of others there is the shortest cut to individual liberation. In Mahabharata we read that Yudishtira, while proceeding to heaven, was accompanied by a dog. The dog was refused entrance. Yudishtira magnanimously gave half the fruits of his good deeds to the dog. The dog was admitted. That was renunciation, noble and sublime. It was a trial. The dog was no other than Dharmaraj himself.

A devotee does not relish salvation. He craves for Bhakti. To him all are the forms of the Lord. He is emancipated while still alive. He is Jiwanmukta.

My Guru was a living embodiment of love and devotion. His life presents a panorama of service and sacrifice.

The temple bells were pealing merrily. It was a signal for Devadarshan. The Vaishnava temples are opened at fixed hours. The concourse woke. People were in a hurry. The Guru prepared to go. There was a call.

I saw a weary man. He was cast down. His clothes were besmeared with dust. He seemed to have come from a far-off place. His manner showed that he had seen better days. He wanted to see the Guru. The bells were ringing fast. The day the Guru missed darshan he abstained from food. I told the man to come the next day.

#### MAN BEFORE GOD

I was rebuked. The Guru was angry. I had committed a sacrilege in turning away a stranger. The bells chimed. The cadence was dying down. I left the bells alone. I ran for my life in search of the man and found him.

He was a contractor. He had been rich. Fortune frowned and he sustained heavy losses. He sold his property and went to Roorkee. He took up a contract. It was his last hope. A building was to be constructed. A plot was to be levelled. The place was such that the labourers could not get a foot-hold to begin with. Holes were dug to facilitate work. It was May—the dry season. But fate dogged him. Rain came, the ditches were filled with water. The work was impeded. The time limit expired. His security was forfeited, and he had become penniless.

He was consoled. The next day Dusehra holidays began. No time was to be lost. In the heat of the midday sun the Guru took him to the capital. He got work. His face beamed with joy; may be, he was thinking of his lonely wife and his neglected children. But the temple bells still haunted me. We had missed 'darshan'. But the Guru was happy.

Here is another incident. A Seth (Land-lord) professed to be a devotee. He had lovely houses. He had abundance of gold. He had constructed Dharamshalas, built temples. He invited us on the festival of Janamastmi. We put up in his lovely garden. The streets were unusually crowded. It seemed as if the town had shaken off its age-long torpor and had taken a new lease of life. An endless stream of men and women went to and fro. Carriages, elephants, horses, camel-carts, and bullock-carts rattled over the road from side to side.

#### A DREAM

During this bustle a carriage trying to outpace another collided against its rear-end. This sudden impact threw the driver of the latter off his seat. The driver escaped with slight injuries. But meanwhile the horses had run toward the crowd and run-over an old man.

The old man sustained injuries in the leg. His foot was run over. Blood came freely from the bruised parts. It was evident that he suffered severely.

The Guru approached the man. The Seth did not wait. He was in a hurry to see the Lord. The Guru brought the man in a 'behli' (bullock-cart) to the garden. He washed his wounds and applied herbs. The man felt relief. He was given milk and put to rest.

The Seth returned. He was sorry for the Guru who on account of this accident, had not offered homage to the Lord. The Guru smiled.

That night the Seth dreamed that the Lord of the temple had shifted his abode to his garden.—"Roy's Weekly."

## THE ANTI-UNTOUCHABILITY MOVEMENT

(BY EDITH HUNTER)

It is not easy to give a clear description of the manifold activities of the Anti-Untouchability Movement which arose out of Mahatma Gandhi's fast. Everyone who is interested in the welfare of India should realize the far-reaching significance of the movement—the deep-seated inwardness of the reform, its potential influence for the future and its significance for other countries which pride themselves on being free from this particular evil. Mahatma Gandhi voiced his ideas for the campaign in a statement too long to quote in full, but perhaps a few of his expressed ideals and practical directions for work may give some idea of the whole movement. He first dwells on the position of the caste Hindus whom he believes to have sinned in their attitude to the Untouchables—the former, he says, must repent and purify themselves by removing the "load of untouchability from the backs" of the others. This in itself would effect a transformation in the habits of the Untouchables, and although this process will be slow, every amenity must be given in the meantime to assist, to educate and reassure those whose "birth constitutes an automatic cause for penal servitude for life."

The Mahatma asserts that the sin of untouchability does not need the evidence of the Shastras, but because there are those who invoke this authority in justification of the present caste attitude, he stresses the advisability of obtaining knowledge of this kind and of patient educational methods in dealing with such opponents. There must be no coercion but adversaries must be overcome and converted by self-suffering and by making common cause with the depressed people.

"In this programme Temple-entry occupies the most important place," this is the assertion of the Mahatma which is adhered to after admitting that reform of the Temple is needed also. He continues, "Village Temples were and even now are, places of refuge for villagers," and therefore they must be open to them in exactly the same way as they are to the others. The Mahatma visualizes a great new awakening and a complete change of attitude among high-caste Hindus which will have a far-reaching reciprocal effect on all classes of the community.

On the practical plane he suggests that high-caste families should adopt a child or take a servant from the Untouchables—that meals should be taken together and the other social functions should be shared. Harijan children should be fed and the sick cared for; the amount of monetary help forthcoming would constitute an index of sincerity and support. Social service and educational efforts involving daily contact between high-caste and depressed class will be required of those working in the Movement, because at all costs it is necessary to assume and assert constantly equality of status. Some of the activities resolved upon by the Anti-Untouchability League at Shantiniketan included the formation of classes to remove evil habits (drinking, etc.), night schools and free studentships, a special fund for education, the organization of co-operative credit societies and industrial training and many other activities centering on specially Hindus customs.

The Movement as a whole has met with strong opposition from a small and highly orthodox group of high-caste Hindus especially associated with the Temples. In spite of numerous appeals, resolutions, petitions, and a referendum of Hindus in the particular vicinity of the Guruvayur Temple the Zamorin, who is trustee of the Temple, is still refusing to permit entry. Some of the temples cannot be thrown open because of the trust deeds, and it will be necessary to pass some legislative measures before this can be brought about.

It is a great movement, impossible to describe in a few words, but the spirit which has inspired it and which will sustain it to its ultimate fulfillment can be felt in the great words of the poet Tagore in which, when speaking of the Movement, he exhorts his countrymen to service—"The signs of a new age in India are unmistakable. The spirit of the time calls us. Let us respond to it and do our share in the work of reconstruction by throwing off the shackles of superstition and the inhuman snobbery of caste. Let love be the centre of our service and let its radiation illumine the entire atmosphere of our national life."—*India Bulletin* (London).

## LOST BULLION

### JUDGE AND CLAIM AGAINST AIRWAYS

The action relating to bullion worth £1,425 lost after consignment for carriage by air between Baghdad and London was concluded in mail week before Mr. Justice MacKinnon in the King's Bench Division.

The plaintiff, Efraim Heskel Aslan, of Bank-street, Baghdad, sued Imperial Airways Ltd. to recover damages for the loss of the gold. Mr. Aslan alleged that it was lost after being transhipped to the seaplane *Satyrus* at Tiberias and was lost because it was put into a compartment secured by a single lock and a string lashing which was not secure against thieves.

Imperial Airways denied the negligence alleged, and pleaded that the gold was carried at the owner's risk.

The case came up for decision on a preliminary question of law:

Were Imperial Airways liable, even if the gold were lost through being put in a place not secure against thieves or owing to some other negligence on their part?

Mr. W. N. Racburn, K. C., for Imperial Airways, said that one of the difficulties about carrying a safe in an aeroplane like the *Satyrus* was that it would fall through the floor. They could not have a floor heavy enough to support even a small safe, and the idea of putting in a burglar-proof compartment for bullion was quite out of the question.

Mr. Justice MacKinnon held that whatever the facts that might be proved at the trial, Imperial Airways were protected by the terms of the contract in respect of the only liability that rested on them. He therefore decided the preliminary issue in favour of Imperial Airways Ltd.

It was intimated that there would probably be an appeal.

## THE POETS' CORNER

### PIMLICO

Have you been to Pimlico?
  I *would* so like to go.
But I have never been myself,
  And what I want to know
Is whether it's the kind of place
  I'm thinking it must be?
It sounds a little magic place,
  A fairy place to me.

Mother's been to Pimlico,
  But she remembers best
A window-box of daffodils,
  And just how she was dressed.
She says she wore a blue silk frock,
  And Paris hat—quite small;
But why they call it Pimlico
  She cannot think at all.

Mr. Cramp, our garden man,
  Once went there by mistake!
He didn't catch the proper train—
  It made his knees all shake.
He walked about and walked about,
  Then sat down on a seat,
And saw a black man playing on
  A banjo in the street.

Grandpa's been to Pimlico,
  But can't remember why.
"It was so long ago," he said,
  And gave a great big sigh.
"I've seen so many places, dear,
  Like Pimlico and such;
There wasn't much to see—and what
  There was—it wasn't much."

Nanny's cousin Emmeline,
  Who comes to sew for us,
She says she's been to Pimlico—
  She went there on a bus
With Mr. Albert Cobble
  (Who will marry her some day).
And *she* says it's a lovely place,
  And makes you feel all gay!

I'd like to go to Pimlico
To see what I should see.
It sounds a little magic place,
A fairy place to me.

—MARION ST. JOHN WEBB, in "Sketch."

### TO A GREEN BEETLE

Did laughter take her by the throat
  Or humour and invention fail,
When Nature burnished your tail-coat
  And turned it to a coat of mail?

Or did she practise to make bright
  Her colours on that coat absurd,
Till perfect for the sinuous flight
  And flashings of some rapier bird?
—G. ROSTREVOR HAMILTON in "Observer."

### MYSTERY

I wonder why
God puts blue dust upon a dragonfly,
And why He should
Set primroses like stars along the wood;
And why again
He makes the earth smell sweetly
  after rain,
And curves the flowers,
And teaches birds a talk more glad
  than ours.

If I could tell
All secrets should I know of heaven
  and hell.

TERESA HOOLEY.

### THE MIND

It is the mind that maketh good or ill,
That makes a wretch, or happy, rich
  or poor,
For some that have abundance of their
  will,
Have not enough but want in greatest
  store,
Another that hath little asks no more,
But in that little is both rich and wise.

—*Spenser.*

REGISTERED NO. M. 2872

PRICE 6 PIES

# The Sunday Observer

VOL. I    MADRAS, SUNDAY, MAY 21, 1933    NO. 14.

H. E. the Governor at Lovedale: Our photo shows Sir George Stanley addressing the pupils of the Lawrence Memorial School.

Prize-Winner at Ooty Dog Show: The Maharajah of Pithapuram's CHAMPION MUIRCROFT THORA, the best dog in the Members' class.

His Holiness Sankaracharya who will attend the World Conference of Religions to be held at Chicago in August 1933.

First Class in Music: Srimathi Kalyanasundari who passed the B. A. Degree Examination of the Madras University with distinction in music.

## ADOLPH HITLER

### FROM POVERTY TO POWER

### A ROMANTIC BELIEVER IN HIMSELF

(Written as per Thomas Carlyle, Hitler's Favourite Author)

A Handsome Adolph or Hateful Hitler.

If you are a German you can have your choice. If you are British—well, "remarkable chap, isn't he?"

Principally he is an orator. Even in private life. He talks as if addressing a mass meeting. At first he is slow and shy. Then he gets going. Looking hard at a corner of the room, he pours out words. Banging the table. Almost screaming.

Force, Charm, Fury. But staying power. See the history books of A. D. 2,000 German flappers idolize him. More romantic than the stolid Prussian type. For he was born 43 years ago, in Austria. Lustrous dark hair. One inch, that he continually flings back. Broad Cheek bones, Blue grey eyes, with a fire dwelling in them. And a large, badly shaped nose. Badly shaped for the Wilhelm-strass, good enough for the Brown House. Altogether an actor's face. It registers emotion rapidly. And it has that charm. That personal charm has made the man into the Man of the Moment.

#### EARLY POVERTY

His Father was a Customs official. Adolph was intended for the same Job. But he wanted to be an artist. He failed at that. He tried architecture. He failed again; ignominously he became a house painter.

Hitler speaks bitterly of early poverty. And intensely loves the Mother who went without so that the children might have enough to eat. To day his tastes are frugal. Thanks to that youthful ordeal. Hitler possesses petty middle class snobbery. He disliked the "coarse fellows" he worked with in Vienna.

Joined a Bavarian Regiment in the war, disliking the Austria of the Hapsburgs. Notably brave, once wounded. Once temporarily blinded by gas. The Iron Cross remains prominent on his breast on every public occasion. His favourite pose is the "typical German soldier,"—"Front Kampfer." In camp he was sociable, happy. "My comrades" he declares, "understood me. My ambitions were theirs."

And there he recalled the Power of Force. "The greatest force should be intellectual; but in practice, this is not so." His earliest followers were not the skilled tradesmen organizers. They were his own type—petty tradesmen, small officials, prosperous peasants. His friends are always the small people. Fathers of families who cannot pay their bills. Shopkeepers with no business. Young men out of work. Peasants who cannot pay for their mortgages.

#### RELIGIOUS FERVOUR

Hitler is a devout Roman Catholic. Intense religious fervour is an important part of Hitler. We do not know. It was inspired in him by his mother. "She taught me to believe," he says.

See him in his flat in Munich. Youth in Nazi uniform opens the door. Inside? A modern German room. Bright rugs. Pictures on every wall—good landscapes mostly. All art appeals to him. So does the architecture of fine buildings. All remind him of unfulfilled ambitions. "I would have been a great artist. I did not have a fair chance," he muses. "But I cannot fail in my present task," he tells his intimates.

There is no fragrance of tobacco in his house. A life-long non-smoker. And a tee-totaller. He prefers the simplest food—almost a vegetarian. Coffee and a roll is his breakfast. He eats only to keep fit.

His clothes must be as simple as possible. He has a favourite blue serge suit. That is for all public occasions. And a rougher suit of grey.

#### A WOMAN—ADORED BACHELOR

Adolph is a bachelor. Despite the admiration of women. Their problems interest him enough.

He likes to spend his leisure in reading. His books are kept with meticulous care. The German philosophies... and always Thomas Carlyle.

Speed is Hitler's only hobby. Machinery enthrals him. It can scarcely go rapidly enough. Speed soothes him. In his powerful car, along the wide roads near Munich, he drives all out. Usually alone—he prefers that. A breakdown presents no difficulties. He enjoys putting things right. "I ought to have been a mechanic," laughing his rather harsh laugh.

Music is another pleasure. His preference is the operas of Wagner. Only the most overwhelming stupendous passages satisfy him. In the hungry days in Vienna, the cheapest seat in the opera was food for the mind. The body was forgotten. "Tannhauser" and "Lohengrin" personified his aspiration. "And my hero was Wilhelm Tell". he remarks.

When there is time for a holiday Hitler tramps in the Bavarian mountains. The vastness of the height attracts him. Not the softer beauties.

The man of Charm is always craving for speed and strength. And he is always romantic. His gaze will wander from the desk to the landscape on the wall, or the sunset through the window.

Hitler is vain—personal vanity insists that he shall control the "Hitler Press". His plans for Germany must not be spoken of, or "they will be stolen."

#### LOYALTY TO FRIENDS

In public he would abolish parliaments cut up great estates; in private he has the respect of the middle class for those of exalted birth. As a public man Hitler may quarrel with you. Still in private he will treat you as a friend, until you disagree. Then the long knuckly hands will gesticulate. Clenched they will bang the table. Accompanied by a piercing glance the long finger will shoot out at you. Friend-ship has vanished and Hitler is on the platform again.

But he is loyal to his friends. Superficial acquaintances pass like smoke. The friends believe him a strong man. The enemies believe him the "ill poised little man." In reality neither one nor the other.

In that little flat in Munich, we see no man of granite. No over powering magnetic personality. No raving dreamer. Only a man of great personal charm. An intense patriot. A romantic believer in himself. Handsome Adolph or President Hitler.

Printed and Published by M. Pandurangam, at the "Chandra Press," 39, Chinnatambi St., G. T., Madras. Editor: P. Balasubramania Mudaliar.